JOHNSON: Which way will he turn now?

35 CENTS
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DECEMBER 17, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

R.I.P. JFK

I Know About the Negroes and The Poor

ROBERT J. DWYER

Can Goldwater Hold the South's Support?

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ON JOHN F. KENNEDY'S FOREIGN POLICY—RIP ◆ MEYER & THE EFFECT OF IT ALL ON GOLDWATER ◆ LYLE WILSON ON ALLEN DRURY ◆ AND T. STURGEON ON ASIMOV

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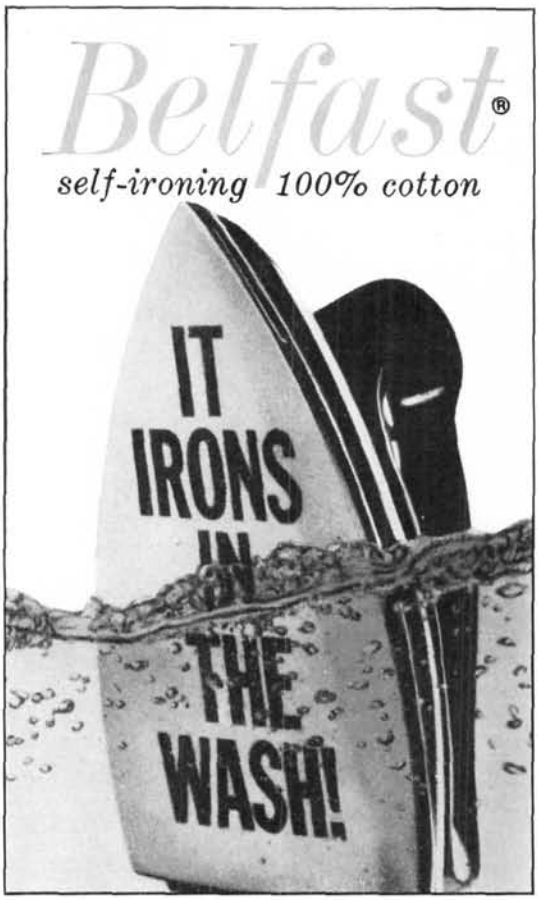

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We attempt to settle down and think through some of the political consequences of the great void in Washington caused by the tragedy of Dallas. There is, first, an obituary for Mr. Kennedy, written "the morning after," that is to say, ten days after the tragic event, seeking to contain some of the emotional forces loosed by the event. Then there is President Johnson. **James Jackson Kilpatrick** of the *Richmond News-Leader* knows the South as few people do and reasons, gloomily, that Senator Goldwater has been hurt down there by facing Mr. Johnson instead of Mr. Kennedy next fall. **John Chamberlain,** who studied Lyndon Johnson in NATIONAL REVIEW back in 1960 when he sought the Democratic nomination, is cautiously optimistic about Johnson's conduct of foreign affairs. The question, of course, is whether his visceral good sense can strain its way through the ambiguity-grinders of his entourage. . . . A young insurance salesman, **Robert Dwyer,** who lives in a squalid area of Milwaukee, rises to the challenge and speaks his mind about the institutionally oppressed. His words are severe, but his purpose is plain: to do something about the fate of the many we bemoan, something more than to insure the prolongation of their misery.

➔ **James Burnham** looks back on the foreign policy of John Kennedy, and one could only hope that this focus, by a 20-20 strategist, could lie on top of the President's desk. . . . **Frank Meyer,** with justifiable indignation, remarks the dastardly attempt by persons high and low to put the blame on the American Right for the murder of Mr. Kennedy. And reminds us all that only the Know Nothings can believe that the death of the President can invalidate the critique of his policies made over the years by Senator Goldwater and others.

➔ **Lyle Wilson** is the widely known columnist for UPI and Scripps-Howard whose political intelligence has impressed millions of readers for many years. He pauses to review the most recent book of Allen Drury, the fascinating novelist of American politics, who publishes, now, his Senate diary of twenty years ago. It has faults, says Mr. Wilson, but many justifying strengths. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl,** whose new book (with Stefan Possony), *The Geography of the Intellect,* is off to an uproarious start, reviews probably the most suppressed big news story of the past two years: the claim of General Espaillat, former mastodon of General Trujillo's security police, that a half-dozen congressional bigwigs took money from his boss in return for favors granted to the Dominican Republic. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** in his own and inimitable way, tells us about some reissued books of Isaac Asimov, which may be as good as the reviewer believes. . . . **Guy Davenport** performs his perennial service of discussing the great big Christmas books, some of which, always assuming money is no object, are yours for the asking. . . . And **John Gregory Dunne,** of *Time* mag, says why Carl Foreman's latest motion picture, *The Victors,* is quite awful, a judgment rendered without reference to the grandeur of the subject, or the sordidness of the director's personal political behavior over the years. ➔

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The WEEK

● The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW regretfully announce that their patience with President Lyndon B. Johnson is exhausted.

● In Dallas, a top reporter for a large East Coast daily learned—"from an unimpeachable source," he said—that Oswald came back from Mexico City with $5,000 he had not had when he left. When he telephoned (so that the wire services couldn't copy it) his story, it stirred up a sensation at his paper, which rushed it to the front page—but the managing editor ran into the press room to kill it at the last moment, substituting some filler on LBJ instead. Naturally speculation has been running high among the paper's personnel: what was the "unimpeachable source"? and why was the story junked? Their answers: the FBI was the probable source (it reportedly found money in Oswald's room) and if so it would have taken something like a White House order to stop the story. In any event, the story that never appeared corroborates some speculation turned up elsewhere—see "Hypothetical Case" below.

● Two days before the assassination, the State Department let it be known that it would not make public the report by Yale Professor Frederick Barghoorn of his sixteen-day ordeal in a Soviet prison. The Department felt that to publish the report might be to embarrass Moscow and make future relations, particularly as they relate to cultural exchanges, more difficult.

● The following dispatch appeared, exactly as here reprinted, in the *New York Times*:

"*Knoxville, Tenn.,* Dec. 1—Senator Herbert S. Walters said today that political sentiment in the South had shifted from Senator Barry Goldwater and was now strongly in favor of President Johnson.

"Mr. Walters, who was named to succeed Senator Estes Kefauver, expressed his opinion while here for the dedication of a four-lane highway to Alcoa, Tenn. He said:

" 'The assassination of President Kennedy, deplorable as it is, has placed a great American at the nation's helm. I feel very confident he will carry the South in 1964. The South will not forget it has the first opportunity since the Civil War to elect a Southern man to the Presidency.

" 'I think Barry Goldwater's strength is in collapse in the South.'

"Governor Rockefeller reportedly favors the proposal."

● Senate-House conferees have struck down an amendment to the foreign aid bill that would have deprived the President of the discretionary power to send aid to Communist countries. Instead, the President can do so if three conditions are met: 1) he must find that the aid is in the interest of U. S. national security; 2) he must find the recipient isn't controlled by the Communist conspiracy; 3) he must find that the U. S. aid will help the recipient move further from "international Communism." Bet you $4 billion he'll find it, too.

● Don't ask us. We take the Fifth. "We believe that President Johnson . . . should act at once to appoint [an] Extraordinary Investigation [Commission] with full powers to conduct a searching inquiry into all the circumstances around the assassination of the President and the murder of the suspect. . . . Such an investigating committee, headed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, should be composed of citizens and experts who enjoy the confidence of the nation." (From "A Call for an Extraordinary Commission," the *Worker,* November 26, 1963.)

● Two happy and remarkable bits of information. Number One: the Supreme Court [*sic*] has ruled, eight to ought, Justice Goldberg having abstained, that a state that has a law forbidding compulsory union membership as a condition of employment may enforce that law in its courts. A retail union in Florida had tried to make non-union employees take their case to the National Labor Relations Board if they didn't like being "organized." The Supreme Court, acting thus unanimously within the spirit and letter of the law, ruled that if the Taft-Hartley Act allows a state to pass right-to-work laws, and if a state does so (as Florida and twenty others have), then the state is rightfully the enforcement agency, through its courts, of the laws it has passed. And now, let us pass right-to-work laws in twenty-nine more states.

● Rejoicing Number Two: A seven-man board set up by Congress to settle the dispute between the railroads and some 40,000 "firemen" who draw pay but don't shovel any coal any more, not on diesel engines, has ruled that the "firemen" should be dropped. A good and sensible ruling, which may save the rails from bankruptcy. The rail unions seem ready to fight the decision, which merely says in Executive language what the Judiciary has said in every court up through the Supreme Court in years of litigation; but the facts are in, and sooner or later, with or without strikes, the oil-burning locomotives

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will be scooting down the main line without coal shovelers aboard, and the country's basic transportation system will enjoy a much-needed relief from the insane burdens of monopolistic unionism.

● Fidel Castro's final, desperate efforts to prevent the elections in Venezuela may well end up causing him more trouble than years of thumbing his nose at the United States. For well over a year now, Castro has been training young Venezuelans in guerrilla and terror tactics, slipping them back into the country and seeing to it they are kept supplied with arms. His aim was to topple the Betancourt government. But he failed. And now Betancourt has gone over to the offensive. He has demanded, and the Organization of American States has agreed by a vote of 16 to 0, that an investigation be made of Castro's underground activities in Venezuela, and action be taken to liquidate Castroism. It is quite possible that the OAS will vote that full air and sea blockade of Cuba that is so imperative if the Castro infection is to remain localized in Latin America.

● Last August, in an Australian public opinion poll, 58 per cent of those questioned signified their readiness to go to war to help the Malaysian Federation if Indonesia attacked it. Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies read the results and based his campaign to a large extent on the issue of keeping Australia strong, while his opponent, Labor Party leader Arthur Augustus Caldwell, called for recognition of Red China and a renegotiation of the treaty allowing the United States to maintain a Polaris base in Australia. Last week the voters signified the course they favored by giving Sir Robert a 21-seat majority in Parliament.

● In South Vietnam the next phase of the enemy's plan begins to unfold. The sickly, drugged fanatics are again turning themselves into public torches: this time to denounce the "despotism" of the anti-Communist generals who dreamed they might quiet the stirring of the intoxicated mass by sacrificing the former "despot." Cambodia withdraws into anti-Western neutralism, so that an anti-Communist South Vietnam finds itself isolated and surrounded. The secret Communists, many hundred among the prisoners released on "liberation," go more freely into the pagodas, among the students, through the dissolving strategic hamlets. The Vietcong steps up the ferocity of its attacks. The discouraged Americans begin their homeward trek.

● Not since Dwight Eisenhower lost one of his U-2s has a government found it so hard to explain what happened as the new regime in Saigon, how President Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu had died. It was suicide; it was "accidental" suicide; it was murder by an unnamed soldier in an armored car. Finally, all hands agreed on a final, official version. Diem and his brother had been brought up before some members of the junta, and Diem told to sign an abdication statement. When he refused, Nhu tried to seize a gun from a guard. In the ensuing scuffle both men were shot. That version stood for almost two weeks, until the regime released a photograph taken after death which very clearly shows both men, bruised and mauled, with their hands tied behind their backs.

● Some people seem to like generals. In South Korea, the party of General Chung Hee Park, the President-elect—who, as a hard anti-Communist, has in the past numbered the U.S. State Department among his active domestic opponents—won a landslide victory in last week's elections for the National Assembly. With a clear (8-5) majority, the new government's hopes are high for the four-year term ahead.

● When the New York Supreme Court handed down its decision (June 1962) in entertainer John Henry Faulk's libel action against Aware, Inc., Faulk was awarded the largest compensatory and punitive damages then on record—$3.5 million. The successful suit charged that Aware had imputed pro-Communism to Faulk and had attempted to destroy his career. In a new ruling, while concurring in the original finding against Aware, the Appellate Division has labeled the jury's award "shockingly excessive," and cut the sum to $550,000.

● New England was Elizabeth Bentley's home and her love, though in the strange fashion of the heart she had to reject it before she could embrace it. In naive error, she joined the Communist Party in 1935 shortly after leaving Vassar, worked in it and slid into its espionage activities for ten years, broke with it cleanly, and then went to Washington to tell her countrymen what she knew, and what they needed to know. She knew enough things to provide important corroboration for the seemingly incredible testimony of Whittaker Chambers; and, like Chambers, in the aftermath of a courageous act, she found herself cast away, and alone. She was among the many whom the late Alfred Kohlberg devised ways to help, quietly, at a crucial moment. Slowly she re-established herself, finding much enjoyment, and a challenge to her witty mind, as a school teacher in these later years. When she died last week, at only fifty-five, the New England hills claimed one of their truly own, and Americans were reminded of the kind of sacrifice that can be necessary to preserve us a country behind those rocky shores.

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R.I.P.

In the Middle Ages, before men turned introspective from brooding on Copernican astronomy, tragedy was straightforwardly defined as "a fall from high to low estate." The tragic essence, that is to say, was felt to lie, not in the soul and character of the protagonist, as came to be the post-Hamlet intuition, but in the structure of the world and the universe. The fall of the great ones of the earth—all the more when sudden and seemingly arbitrary—showed men how ephemeral are the triumphs—or defeats—in this valley of the shadows, how little the weight of even the mightiest in the hand of nature and nature's God.

This is the plain sense, having nothing to do with his inner qualities, achievements or deserts, in which the death of John Kennedy was undeniably tragic, and, in spite of the infinite vulgarity of the television ghouls, was so felt to be by many hundreds of millions of men and women throughout very nearly all the world. It is this sense that is symbolized and purged in the awesome and splendid ritual of death with which society completes the last stage of the tragic fall of the very great—and John Kennedy, by his office, was the greatest of all in this world.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW judged John Fitzgerald Kennedy to be a consummate technician of mass politics. His programs and policies — often chosen, by the evidence, in opportunistic furtherance of technical manipulations—we judged to be, for the most part, dangerous to the nation's well-being and security, and to the survival of our perilously threatened Western civilization. Neither his death nor the fearful manner of it provides any reason to change these judgments. At the same time they do not in any way lessen the sharpness with which we have shared the nearly universal sense of ineluctable tragedy beyond the dimension of individual men. And we are reminded once more that neither intelligence nor courage nor any techniques, programs or policies can make man the self-sufficient master of his fate. That is the supreme illusion and ultimate heresy of Marx and Lenin, Khrushchev and Mao, and Lee Harvey Oswald. And that is why John Kennedy's death, or any death, could not be a tragedy for Khrushchev, Mao, or Oswald, but only a passing rearrangement of atoms in the eternal dialectic of matter out of which the universal Communist society, with the beginning of "truly human history," will inevitably emerge. If man creates and rules his world, it follows, by an exquisite irony, he can find no place for himself in it.

Reprinted from the NATIONAL REVIEW BULLETIN *(Dec. 10, 1963), which went to press immediately after the President's assassination.*

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The Morning After

Norman Mailer, reviewing Victor Lasky's book on John Kennedy several weeks ago for the *New York Herald Tribune,* remarked that Kennedy's political genius rested in his apprehension of the main point in American politics towards the close of the '50s, namely, that the American people were ready, in Mailer's words, to turn away from the father image (Eisenhower), and accept as ruler someone cast in the role of the young hero; someone in the Hollywood image, as Mailer put it.

Mailer seems to have been right, as he very often is. What happened, two and one-half weeks ago, was the Morte d'Arthur. The grief was that of a nation that had lost a young king, a young king whose own fairyland rise to power recapitulated the national experience; whose personal radiance warmed the whole nation—and whose great failures were charitably disregarded, for were we not, really, forgiving ourselves? And are we not, really, grieving for ourselves? "A part of me has gone with him," one orator said, and a great chorus responded to the theme: and they are all exactly correct, they *have* lost a part of themselves. Much of America, the intelligentsia especially, succeeded in anthropomorphizing itself in the image of John Kennedy, whereon it had to follow that when he lay bleeding, they lay bleeding; and that the great ache, the anxiety expressed so effusively, lay in the numbing realization that though their king was dead, they were still alive, and would have to learn again to act for themselves. And, God help us, to *think* for themselves.

For it gives one the grues. The assassination itself, yes, obviously. We know what death is, and what evil is in the twentieth century. We live with violence, and apocalypse is camped just over the horizon. We have lived with violent endings, for individuals, and for nations, and for whole races. We know the unyielding finality of death, and one's helplessness before recurrent acts of individual and collective depravity. But what is this other thing that seems to be going on? Pay the man all the many compliments to which he is entitled, and sing the praises he is due. But not all this, no indeed; and for the reason, first among the others, that it tends to undermine those qualities in national life that John Kennedy at his best exemplified: courage, dignity, fortitude, toughmindedness, independence.

The rhetoric has gone quite out of control. The symbol of our emotional, if not neurotic excess, is the Eternal Flame at Arlington, a few hundred yards from the shrines we built to the memories of George Washington (86 years after he died), Thomas Jefferson (117 years), and Abraham Lincoln (57 years); who have no eternal flames. The lovely and tormented Mrs. Kennedy needs a gentle hand lest in her understandable grief, she give the air of the Pharaoh, specifying his own magnitude.

John F. Kennedy lived a life of tough controversy, and while it is correct that an individual's weaknesses should be buried with him, it is not ever possible to bury the public issues on which a public figure committed himself. Mr. Kennedy told us the fight would last beyond his lifetime; and his successor has pledged himself on the same side of those policies. It is sobering to recall that there was great dissension, left and right, in respect of John Kennedy's policies, right up until the moment he died. The issue of *Time* magazine dated the awful day of the assassination carried, for instance, the news of a growing campus "disenchantment" with President Kennedy's policies, "now spread far and wide." "At conservative Georgia Tech," said *Time,* "the complaint is that 'he's interfering with my personal life' through Big Government. At liberal Reed, where 'he doesn't inspire respect as Stevenson did,' the gripe is Kennedy's caution on the civil rights bill. At exuberant Wisconsin, 'he's liked in a negative way,' faulted for lack of political conviction." The restlessness, as we see, was not partisan, not only from the Right.

Are we now being emotionally stampeded into believing that Kennedy was the incarnation, and that respect for him requires that we treat his program like the laws of the Medes and the Persians?

What we need is a period of dignified mourning for a graceful human being who passed through our midst with style and energy, a mourning more intense in virtue of the treachery of his end; but less intense than that which degenerates into abject pity for ourselves, or that asks that we place our personal grief above the best interests of our country as we understand them; which interests many people thought of as calling for the retirement of Mr. Kennedy from public life one year from now. Jack Kennedy wouldn't want a caterwauling public besotted by its own tears for its own self, or accepting his program for sentimentality's sake. He asked us to keep the torch lit. And that means work, each one of us according to his own lights, to keep this country at least as strong and as free, stronger, we can hope, and freer, than it was when John F. Kennedy last knew it.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

NATURAL AND ULTIMATE RELIGION
AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY
by George Santayana

SPARE ME THE RODS
by Aloise B. Heath

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The Old Order at Bay

A new pamphlet issued by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions (née the Fund for the Republic) records a discussion held by two executives of the Center with ten organizers from the United Auto Workers Union.

They all begin by agreeing that the labor movement is in real trouble. Fear is expressed that the beginning of the end of trade unionism in the U.S. has already come. Organizers express astonishment that opinion polls show that workers don't want compulsion in unionism. Union bosses have apparently assumed all these years that workers do not resent being herded like cattle into unions through closed shop arrangements—well, better opsimathy than never. They also admit that revelations of corruption have hurt unions' public image, and concede that most major unions are so complacent they ignore genuine "sweat shops" because it's beneath an organizer's dignity to negotiate a contract for $1.35 an hour.

What can big labor do? The answer to the corruption problem, they feel, is to publicize corruption in management. Labor's public image could be improved, they agree, by leading ban-the-bomb crusades and perhaps setting up a socialist party. No one suggests making union participation voluntary.

Paul Jacobs of the Center said he thought labor's biggest mistake had been kicking the Communists out of the AFL-CIO. A UAW man agreed. "It seemed to me incumbent upon the victorious forces to fill the vacuum that was created," he complained. "When I came up . . . we used to listen to great debates among the socialists, Trotskyites, and the Communists. These were the people who were carrying the ideological ball at the time. Now . . . we talk about which wing of the Democratic Party to support. This carries no spark back to the plant."

These are the ways, then, for labor to come back —the vigorous espousal of obsolete ideas, the refusal to admit the validity of universal criticism, and agitation for friendly relations with the nation's enemies.

Re: Extremism

Among their contributions to the calm and reasonable mood, ending all anger, hate and division, toward which they have so movingly called us, the Liberals and the Left offer these:

"All circumstances of President Kennedy's tragic death give grounds for considering that the murder was conceived and carried out by ultra-Right, fascist and racialist circles."

Pravda, official organ of the Soviet Government

"Confronting the destiny of this young wife clasping the bloody body of her husband in her arms, how can we fail to evoke the image of the Mother of Christ holding on her knees the corpse of her Son, He also killed in the prime of life? It is not a coincidence that so many chiefs of state and of government from regimes of so many diverse sorts came to bow before a tomb as formerly the three Magi did before a cradle. Kennedy is dead; but Kennedyism is born. A mystique will unfurl over every continent and will spread, not this time in one or several centuries as the message of the great prophets of old, but with the immediacy of radio and television. A mystique? Perhaps a religion!

Emile Servan-Schreiber,
veteran French leftist and journalist,
in the Paris newspaper *Combat*

"John F. Kennedy was as surely a victim of a crazed Civil War mentality as was another American President, who fell a victim to the bullet of John Wilkes Booth. . . . It was, I suppose, a cruel accident of history that felled him. Yet was it wholly accident? When right-wing racist fanatics are told over and over again that the President is a traitor, a Red, a 'nigger-lover,' that he has traduced the Constitution and is handing America over to a mongrelized world-state, there are bound to be some fanatics dull-witted enough to follow the logic of the indictment all the way and rid America of the man who is betraying it."

Max Lerner in the *New York Post*

"The entire world is convinced that the author of the crime should have been sought only among the extremists of racism and fascism."

Trybuna Ludu,
official organ of the Polish Government

"But in fixing the blame we must include all those who, by their race hate and extreme radical Right propaganda, have constantly supplied the fuel which would fire up such an assassin."

Bishop James A. Pike

"I heard just one expression of anger. A Negro came by shaking his head and muttering in bitter irony: 'Only in America.' His anger reflected what most of us at first thought: that the crime had been committed by a Southern racist. Indeed, if we look deeply into our souls, I think many of us will recognize that we were disappointed to learn that such was not the case. As I have tried to meditate on these matters, I have finally come to the conclusion that it is better this way. Had the assassin been a Southern extremist, it would have fitted our own prejudices and our own political commitment. Our grief would have been tinged with a spirit of hatred

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and revenge. This way, our sorrow is pure: there is no hate in our hearts."

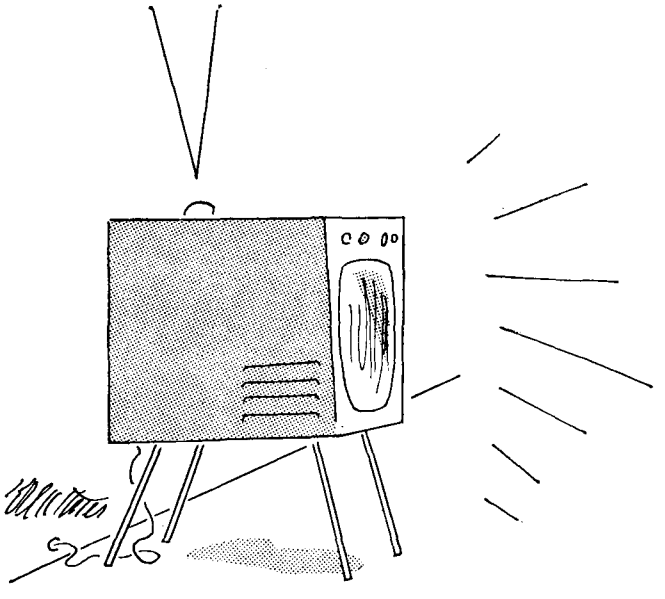
Harvard Professor H. Stuart Hughes,
the *Nation*, Dec. 14

"What moved some misguided wretch to do this horrible deed may never be known to us, but we do know that such acts are commonly stimulated by forces of hatred and malevolence, such as today are eating their way into the bloodstream of American life. What a price we pay for this fanaticism!"

Chief Justic Earl Warren,
funeral oration at the bier

"The lid has opened. Inside the box a horrified America sees a nest of vipers. . . . Texas today is the Algeria of 1959: a colonial country . . . where the oil tycoons, paymasters of the Extreme Right (in particular, the John Birch Society, which has its headquarters in Dallas and $500 million in its treasury) ferociously defend their ancient privileges by corruption, terror and armed thugs. . . . The Texas police 'investigate' the murder of John F. Kennedy exactly as the police of Algiers investigated the crimes of the OAS. To prove that the murderer of John Kennedy is a Communist; to destroy anything that might discredit the proof; to unchain popular anger against 'Castro-Communism'; to liquidate Cuba, and level charges of high treason against Liberals of all types —how much the Texas tycoons and their police long to do all that! Can they set America ablaze as the Reichstag Fire, in January 1933, set Germany ablaze and gave all power to Hitler?"

Michel Bosquet in *L'Express*, the leading
magazine of the French non-Communist Left



"It was either the irresponsible act of a maniac, whose sympathies just happened to lean toward Marxism and Castroism, but totally unconnected with any political group, in which case we must all share the guilt, because who among us is without sin, and the only thing to hate is Hate itself; or, it was the diabolical act of a double agent, the tool of organized Extremists—right-wing, you should conclude, because who ever heard of any other kind—on this program, that is—who are therefore the sole culprits, in which case it would be ridiculous to say that Hate, masquerading as News Commentary, doesn't have its uses. Good-night, Dave,"
"Good-night, Chet."

A Provocative Pair

President Johnson sounded a good deal more sincere than many another when, in his initial address to Congress, he asked for an end to division, hatred and bitterness. It is the more disturbing, therefore, that before the end of his first fortnight he had taken two steps that to a considerable segment of the citizenry seemed almost deliberate provocations.

First, he appointed Earl Warren chairman of the special commission to investigate the assassination. The Impeach Earl Warren campaign is silly enough, granted, but that doesn't mean the Chief Justice is the right man for this ticklish job. Simply from the standpoint of judicial propriety, he should have been excluded from consideration: some issue involved in the inquiry will very probably end up in the Court he heads. But, more important by far, even Earl Warren's admirers recognize—and often rejoice —that he is a "political judge": that is, interprets his job not as the mere application of laws and Constitution but as the adjustment of the nation's conduct to what he believes to be current political, economic and social need. Justice Warren's critics, of course—and they are numbered in tens of millions —have little confidence in either his judicial fairness or his political wisdom. We confront one of the two or three most significant inquiries of our time, and it will be sad indeed if public opinion has even the smallest doubt left when its conclusions are handed down. In spite of the fine and able men he has included among the members of the special commission, the President, by appointing Earl Warren, has jeopardized the full performance of its public function.

And second: though the period of official mourning made a graceful withdrawal easy, President Johnson chose to award, in his own person, the Fermi Prize to Robert Oppenheimer. NATIONAL REVIEW believes that only the directly relevant sanction — separation from "sensitive" posts — is properly taken against one who is found to be a "security" but not a "loyalty" risk, and that in other respects a security risk should be treated, for good or ill, like any other citizen. But Oppenheimer is a very special security risk, and the Fermi Prize a very special award—even apart from the 50,000

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Focus on '64

◆ Politics already? Yes indeed, and, as James Reston has observed (in a column he called "The One Sided Political Moratorium"), it's the Democrats who have flicked away their tears and started the good fight for '64. This column ate lunch last week with a congressman who reported: "Right in the middle of the ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery I heard a group of Democrats talking politics."

◆ In contrast, the Republicans truly subsided. They withdrew from politicking—out of respect for the dead President, allegiance to the new, due regard for the public decencies, and cold political calculation. They could afford to: it wasn't, after all, their party that had lost its national leader, a leader who embodied the very organizing principles of the party. . . .

◆ So the Democrats, with only months to go before the Convention and less than a year before the election, have set hand to their tasks, and awkward tasks they are. Johnson must fashion an Instant Record of his own he can run on, because only the personal magnetism of Kennedy could have carried the day on the Kennedy record—but he must do it without appearing to repudiate his predecessor. (A problem Nixon never solved.)

◆ Task the Second: Johnson must handle the Party as he used to handle the Senate to produce, this time on a national level, the typically Johnsonian coalition of dissidents. Hence the series of hasty conferences with Democrats from around the country, thirty-five governors, Negro and labor leaders, congressmen, Mayor Wagner of New York, and that impromptu call the President made at Walter Lippmann's house on his way home to supper. All of this must be done in the face of congressional resistance that was evident enough under Kennedy but shows signs of open revolt under Johnson. Democratic congressional leaders, remembering the old days when the saying was "Do it for Lyndon," are now saying "Do it for Lyndon" with a hint of sardonic humor. Do it to Lyndon, some of them seem to mean.

◆ Task the Third: A Democrat who has brains, experience, and electoral appeal, and who isn't ninety years old, must be found for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Not a rough chore in normal times, but this time no one forgets that Johnson's cardiac trouble of years ago may reappear. Suddenly whole squadrons of Democrats are talked of as hopeful Veeps. Senator Douglas of Illinois —or is he too old? Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut—but where's his machine? Governor Brown of California. Senator Hubert Humphrey (hmmm). Bobby Kennedy—as a gesture to the memory of his brother, but losing the South? Senator Eugene McCarthy—handsome, Catholic, northern, intellectual, ultra-Liberal. Mayor Wagner? Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington? Sargent Shriver—on a platform of Peace Corps and Prosperity? Senator Thomas Dodd? Or Senator Stuart Symington? One thing, however, is certain amidst the confusion: President Johnson has definitely decided to drop Bobby Baker.

◆ For some time Governor Rockefeller's mailing list (for speeches, etc.) was handled out of Albany, using the return address of State of New York, Executive Chamber, and postage meter No. 380393, Albany. Now we note he sends material from 22 West 55th Street, New York 19, New York, his personal campaign headquarters —but still with meter No. 380393, Albany.

◆ The "political moratorium" has just about ended. Johnson is sprinting hard and publicly into 1964 and the GOP can't hold back much longer if it doesn't want to get lapped.

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tax-free dollars attached. By presenting it himself to Oppenheimer, the President in effect holds up Oppenheimer and his career as a model for the rest of us to imitate and follow. Is this indeed the model Americans should choose—this strange and subtle man who by his own admissions (not made, though, until the charges had been filed and the evidence assembled) lied not once but many times to the authorized representatives of his country; "reflected a serious disregard for the requirements of a security system"; showed "susceptibility to influence which could have serious implications for the security interests of the country"; associated with and hired Communists from late 1936 or early 1937 until April 1942 and in "a diluted and diminishing state" until 1946—while, that is, he was running much of the A-bomb program and his country was at war?

Hypothetical Case

In a column written for national circulation immediately following the assassination, NATIONAL REVIEW's editor concluded that the act was that of "a fiend, a psychotic in all probability, and it is of no importance whatsoever whether his political delusions were of the Left or of the Right." This brought, a few days later, a letter from a friend of the magazine, now living in Florida, who is thoroughly informed concerning contemporary affairs and has had long and intimate acquaintance with Soviet and Communist operations. From this letter we quote:

. . . 1) *Political Purpose.* It is well known here that a plan of President Kennedy's, which allegedly had at least the passive endorsement of Khrushchev, providing for the elimination of Castro and the substitu-

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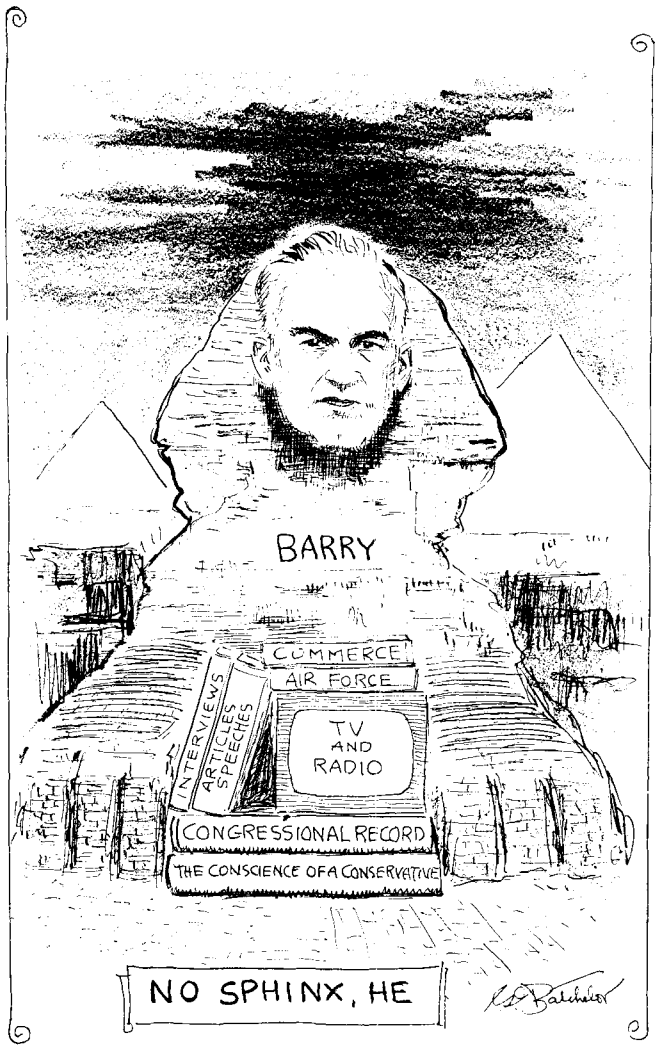

tion of a leftist regime under such figures as Hubert Matos, Mañuel Ray and Blas Roca, was well advanced. This plan was to be put into effect by means of an internal uprising, supported by old-line Cuban Communists, which would serve as the signal for an invasion from Central America by U.S.-trained and -financed Cuban liberation forces under Mañuel Artime. The probable motivation for the assassination of Kennedy was that Castro wished to thwart this scheme for his elimination. Fidel Castro's pathological hatred of President Kennedy and Castro's notorious emotional instability were contributory factors. Since Castro is not a pliant tool of Khrushchev's, but oscillates between the Moscow and Peking orientation, this plot would be consistent with Khrushchev's desire to preserve Kennedy's life and ensure his reelection. A bit of contributory evidence to this theory is the fact that recently Castro, in a news conference held at a Brazilian Embassy reception in Havana, warned J. F. and Robert Kennedy that they were not immune from assassination.

2) *Oswald.* There are links already disclosed between Oswald and the Cuban Communists suggesting that he was not a loner. First, he went to Mexico in September and approached both the Soviet Embassy and the Cuban Legation. What these missions now say about his visit should be taken with a grain of salt. It is possible that he flew to Havana and back from Mexican soil. In the Miami area, Oswald was carefully watched by the anti-Castro militants because he tried to penetrate several of their organizations (to serve as an informer against their people in Cuba and here). He was turned down, and in one case beaten up by a friend of mine. The watch on Oswald disclosed, Cuban sources allege, that he made various telephone contacts with the Castro G-2 in Havana. His trip to Mexico suggests that somebody was financing him, and he apparently brought considerable cash back with him. (Some was found in his room.) The fact that he got a job on the line of route of Kennedy's motorcade and that a Fair Play man was already in the Book Depository employ also suggests organization and collusion. Finally, the fact that he ran into a movie theater after the killing and moved from seat to seat rings a familiar bell on the assumption that instructions for escape may have been left (or were supposed to have been left) under a certain movie seat—a not unusual technique of Soviet espionage people.

Admittedly, most of this is inferential, but it is a great mistake to prejudge the facts and dismiss the possibility that this is part of an organized venture. By contrast, Booth talked recklessly about magnicide and his hatred of Lincoln before the act. Oswald seems to have been like Mercader, the killer of Trotsky, who was methodical, withdrawn and careful, and who had consistently denied during the twenty years or so he spent in prison that he had worked with the Soviet apparatus or been a Communist. (In fact, if Trotsky and his secretaries had not been there to provide an immediate political explanation of the murder as the work of the GPU, it is probable that the sheep-minded press would have dismissed Mercader as a fiend or psychotic or even accepted his cover story that he was a disillusioned follower of Trotsky.) And incidentally, it was not until many years after the event that it became clear that Mercader was not acting alone, but with the aid of a large apparatus and in connection with a getaway plan which was to have been directed personally and on the scene by NKVD General Eitingon.

3) Parenthetically, if one is searching for collateral political causes, was the Amembassy Moscow decision to return Oswald on a travel-aid loan of $435 based on an impartial interpretation of the U.S. law of nationality or part of the general policy of welcoming semi-Communists as fellow Liberals? Was the crime made possible because the misunderstanding of the nature of Communism by some of Mr. Kennedy's advisers led to a relaxation of necessary security measures?

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I Know About the Negroes and the Poor

. . . I live among them, in a 'blighted area' in Milwaukee, and I know why the poor are staying poor, and maybe what should be done about it

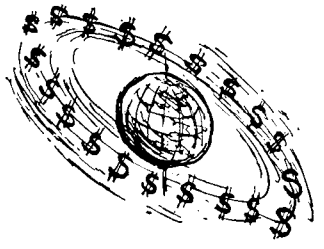
ROBERT J. DWYER

There is sign which hangs behind the bar in quite a few neighborhood taverns in Milwaukee. It says, "It is better to be rich and healthy than poor and sick." Now you would not think this simple axiom would have to be spelled out for the leading intellectuals of our time, not even those who write for the *New Yorker*. Two notable articles published in that magazine—"Letter from a Region of my Mind" by James Baldwin and "Our Invisible Poor" by Dwight Macdonald —undertake to engage our emotions on the side of the underdog. Certainly, both Negroes and poor people can use our sympathetic understanding, and we can be grateful for what Baldwin and Macdonald have done to arouse it. But what cries out for our understanding is precisely the opposite of what Baldwin and Macdonald call our attention to. Both insist that we must *give* something to the poor and to the colored people. They even say that what we must give is justice. Equality must be recognized, says Baldwin: the poor must be subsidized, says Macdonald.

Not so, I submit. And, further, I submit that most poor people in America today are poor because they want to be. They make themselves the way they are by being lazy, uneducated, sick, undependable. They are all handicapped in the sense that they cannot or *will not* compete in the not very competitive society of modern America.

Perhaps not many readers see the picture from my vantage point. I live with both the so-called invisible poor of Macdonald and the Negro of Baldwin. In 1905, my grandfather bought a house around the corner from where I now live, when the neighborhood was solid, respectable, middle class. For reasons which probably have something to do with my writing this piece, I am raising my six children here. The tone of the block has, of course, deteriorated. It has been, for a generation now, a blighted neighborhood. ("Blighted neighborhood" is effete talk for the more plebeian expression, "Negroes live there.") The unusual thing about it is that the ratio of colored people to white people has remained constant for over ten years now. My barber said today, "The thing about this neighborhood is that the whites and the colored work it out all right when they live next door to each other."

Since I am white, I cannot write of the colored problem from the inside. This is what Baldwin claims to do, and yet I think that my claim to understand the Negro's emotional



relationship to the society he inhabits may well be as valid as Baldwin's. His experience is conspicuously atypical; his personality so unusual, his development so early, his success so complete, that he can have no idea of the hopelessness of the poor, or of the typical Negro. The only hopelessness he could possibly know is the hopelessness of the successful. His problems are not the Negro's problems but James Baldwin's problems, complicated only slightly by the fact that James Baldwin is a Negro.

Dwight Macdonald's case is similar. He is, to be sure, reviewing books, examining statistics. But he claims to have some knowledge of the subject, and it seems to me he has none. Very few respectable people really *know* the poor people I live among, who make up the bulk of our welfare case load and who are the "invisible poor" Macdonald is presumably talking about. For example, our beatniks, or even our poor college students, are not really poor. They may have no money, even very little to eat, but they have hope, they are intentionally deferring their earning power in order to inform themselves (students) or express themselves (beatniks).

A Basic Difference

This is where Macdonald utterly misses the point. He says that we have forgotten the invisible poor. He seems to be primarily worried about the urban poor, noting that a disproportionate number of them are colored, but concerned about them not because they are colored, but because they are poor. But it is these very people, the urban poor of the North, who are, not dirty because they are poor, but poor because they are dirty. Not uneducated because they are poor, but poor because they are uneducated. And here is one of the big differences between the white poor and the colored poor. The white poor are uneducated by their own choice, the colored poor are not. The colored poor, however, are not instilling in their children a flaming desire for knowledge, at any price, from any source for the future good of the race and the family.

Let us look at the environment I know. A Northern industrial city, with a representative Negro population: Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is hard to be more average than to be from Milwaukee. Macdonald says that 25 per cent of our people are poor. In Milwaukee, 5 per cent of the people are on relief—ADC, OAA, general relief, medical relief, what have you. Anyone in town whose resources do not provide him with

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the minimum income determined to be sufficient for him by the Department of Public Welfare is entitled to some kind of welfare benefit. Many of my neighbors are living on welfare checks. God knows they are not rich. But they all smoke, though no provision is made in the budget for cigarettes, and they all drink beer or whisky, although, again, no provision is made therefor in the budget. There is enough elastic in the welfare budget to skimp on something else in order to pay for these things. Now I am no Puritan, I could not write without nicotine. But I insist that these people are not poor for lack of money.

It was not Scrooge, or Senator Goldwater, who said, "Continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive to the moral fiber. To dole out relief in this way is to administer a narcotic, a subtle destroyer of the human spirit." FDR said that. And it explains poverty in America to a large extent. The poor in our Northern cities are welfare poor. My neighbors, the members of my church, are poor in spirit, but not in the sense that Christ spoke of approvingly. They are poor in mind, poor in will, poor in every human capacity. They would attend a lecture only if handcuffed to a policeman. They do not attend parent conferences at the schools, whether their child is a discipline problem, or has a genius IQ, or is just average. Macdonald says we should provide these people with a subsidy out of public funds. A subsidy for what? To subsidize them would be a bonanza for the corner tavern and for the fast pitch, door-to-door salesman. (I still have wood screens and storm windows, but my off-again, on-again, welfare neighbors have a full set of aluminum combinations.)

Three Successful Types

Let us look on the bright side. There are three types of people who are succeeding in my neighborhood today. (Four, really, but the fourth class is different.) First, we have the old people. Our old pensioners with social security or railroad retirement can own their own homes, pay real estate taxes which amount to over 10 per cent of their entire cash income for a year, and live like patricians of the Roman Empire, provided they have a little intelligence, a few interesting friends, know where the public library is, and where to buy the daily paper. Of course, they will have wood floors instead of Roman marble, but marble is notoriously hard to heat anyway. If they want entertainment, television gives them a constant, never-ending time consumer. If they want to pray, to think, to discuss, to meditate, to savor their waning years, all they need is the right set of friends. And if they have no friends, whose fault is that, Goldwater's?

Second, look at the high-school-drop-out; he is the multi-hyphenated bugaboo of the social statisticians, the "real victim of automation." I know some. They move out of my neighborhood at the rate of about one a month. They are leaving because they have bought a house in

James Baldwin

a jerry-built suburban area, and I hate to see them go. But they are happy and successful, too. They are young people who have found themselves. A typical story of one of these couples goes like this. They never measured up to standards in school, perhaps because there were no standards. They dropped out of high school before graduation. Their first baby was born seven months after their marriage. But now they have decided to grow up and meet their responsibilities, to raise their child, and future children, to hold a job by meeting the standards required by society. They have never done this before, but they are doing it now. They are meeting reality and conquering it. And now, to prove their success—their conquest of their environment—they must move away. I see them go with sadness, because when they leave, they take some more cream off the top. They are not as yet sufficiently mature to stay and influence the environment here. Their insecurity is too great for them to be able to live among failures and consider themselves a success. Their friends have said to them, "When are you coming out to live with the people?" and they have moved to the suburbs.

The Recent Immigrant

Third. It is a byword among real estate people in Milwaukee, and I am sure in other parts of the country as well, that the best prospect you can have for an income property in an old neighborhood is a recent immigrant. They have the money. Cash! They bring it to the closing in bundles of five and ten-dollar bills. Often, they will put $5,000 of their own cash down on a property, and this only a few years after they have arrived in this country penniless. In that interim of three or five years, they have lived next door to a family on relief. They have sent their children to the same schools, attended the same church, lived in the same environment. But they have saved enough to buy a building with an annual income of half the amount of their investment or more. Why? It is my understanding that for the first few years they are subject to deportation if they become a public charge. Apparently, they appreciate America.

So do I. I am proud to be an American. We are neither the most cultured, the holiest, nor the most learned of nations, but we are the richest. And when Macdonald tells you that 25 per cent of *our* people are poor, he is talking a language of poverty unintelligible to 99 per cent of the world's population. We are the richest because we exploited our potential for wealth. But our frontier formed our history in many more ways. Recall the mood of *Giants in the Earth* by Rolvaag; *A Son of the Middle Border* by Hamlin Garland; *The Townsman* by Pearl Buck. The pioneers were *poor*. The women raised their children in sod huts, under living conditions incomparably worse than anything that can be found in a city slum today. And they

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did this voluntarily. They left better conditions, a more secure way of life, in order to live this grindingly inhuman way of life. Why, then, did they do it? Didn't they know ahead of time just how bad it was going to be? Possibly; but they would have gone ahead anyway, because their motive was an impelling dream of a better, freer, fuller life for themselves, if possible, and surely for their children. For it was not the slumdweller of those days who was the pioneer. The pioneer had to have accumulated at least a little stake in order to start out in the first place.

This is the trouble with Macdonald's lament. The poor are not invisible, they are hopeless. They have

Dwight Macdonald

given up, quit, resigned from the struggle for self-improvement. It will take more than an offer of retraining in a new skill to arouse them. They are formed adults, with ingrained adult habits of thought and emotion, which make them indifferent to the idea of improvement even for their own children.

But we need not give up hope for the children. Though there are some frightening experiences waiting for those who believe that all it takes to make a responsible citizen out of a young hoodlum is understanding and encouragement, there is a natural, animal hope in the bones of the young which can be spoken to, to which we must appeal if we are to convince them that their elders are wrong to quit.

The question of hope brings me to James Baldwin. What of the colored man, father and son? Surely, if he is hopeless, it is because he has something to be hopeless about. His forefathers have been citizens of America for 300 years, and yet he is still the last hired and the first fired. Surely, he is poor because of lack of opportunity, and can expect nothing for his son but the awful wall of hatred and discrimination. Put yourself in the place of the Negro father as he looks down at his child and ask yourself, is not James Baldwin's hopelessness justified?

Baldwin's *cri de coeur* is piteous indeed, and touching, and will perhaps touch some of the tough hearts in America that so badly need touching. It will surely and inevitably touch the soft hearts of America, and these are the target.

But Baldwin's negativism is extreme. He poses a problem of which we are all aware, and then rejects all possible solutions. He rejects the Black Muslim solution, not because it is impossible, though he clearly believes it to be so. (I must say here such a solution *is* possible, if any considerable number of Negroes come to desire it, but would be, in my opinion, the easy and the cowardly way out of the dilemma we face.) But he rejects this separatism for the same reason that I do, that it is not founded on any observable facts. He also rejects integration, fast, slow, or in between. "Do I really want to be integrated into a burning house?" he asks, and he answers, "I am far from convinced that being released from the African witch doctor was worthwhile if I am now . . . to become dependent on the American psychiatrist."

The Average Man

I do not want to lay too much stress on a figure of speech, but the very use of this particular concept, that all Americans are headed for the couch, is a touchstone. Those who support the psychiatrists are the fancy neurotics, the fakes and the poseurs of our society. For the average Americans, especially poor average Americans, are not headed for that kind of couch.

Indeed, the fact that Baldwin must face is that the average man is, and always will be, a slob. The average man, regardless of the level of instruction, is going to be a sad example of the teaching in which he has been raised. Certainly the record of the white Christian is black with all the sins against the Negro which Baldwin itemizes. And the Negroes' record under oppression is one that is worthy of the utmost admiration. They, alone of all American groups, have practiced the meekness which Christ says will bring them to inherit the earth. But Baldwin wants them to reject the results of their virtue because its reward has been long in coming. He says that it is unjust that Irish and Polish immigrants, who came to these shores voluntarily two or three hundred years after his ancestors came in chains, should have become integrated into the mainstream of American life before he was. He certainly hits a live nerve there. But he seems to reject anything but a turning back of the clock, an impossible disenfranchisement of the Irish and Polish, and an acceptance of the Negro as equal *first*.

A Tempered Pessimism

Baldwin does not try to accept the present facts and work with them. He twists the facts to fit his pessimism. Nevertheless, his writing shows a tremendous pride in his race, and a conviction that the Negro has a treasure to add to America if only he is allowed to do so. This is the best part of what Baldwin has to say, the only constructive thing he insists on. Let us not minimize this point. The Negro has a great deal to give to America, but I believe that essentially, the best qualities of the Negro are the same qualities that made America great. They are not colored qualities, they are not white qualities, they are merely virtues, which have no color. They are the virtues which, Edmund Wilson to the contrary, consist in a rejection of myth and romance, and a patient bearing up under hardship, in order that the next generation can have a better life. The next generation, of Poles and Irishmen, generally did, too. Among the Negroes, one generation followed another, and another, and another, and there was no perceptible improvement.

But why, oh why, should anyone despair now, when more progress has been made in the past generation than in all the past history of our country? Stop at any courthouse or city hall in a large Northern city, and see for yourself the colored social

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workers, policemen, secretaries, clerks and aldermen. The dam has been broken. After hundreds of years, the Negro has finally put his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder that led the immigrants to integration into America. And the path to further progress is open.

Example of Progress

For example, there is a nationwide shortage of elementary school teachers. If every Negro who is capable and interested will qualify as a teacher, I do not promise each a job, but I can promise hundreds, even thousands, of jobs in the teaching profession. And they will not all be teaching colored children, either. Think of the effect, going on daily in our Northern schools, of the few colored teachers who are now teaching white pupils. Multiply that effect by a generation and a geometrical increase in numbers, look to the future, and you will see why I disagree with James Baldwin.

The essential battle may not have been won in Mississippi. Perhaps it never can be. It certainly can not be won there before it is won in the North, where there is every hope of success. The migration to the North by the Negro is the refutation by the common man (Negro division) of the intellectual negativism reflected by Baldwin. In my own city of Milwaukee, the south side aldermen recently voted unanimously against public housing in their area. They said there was no need for it. Now our south side has some of the most dismal housing in the world outside of the very worst slums. But *there are no Negroes there,* and this is what the vote of the aldermen reflected. Our local chapter of the NAACP lamented the attitude of the aldermen. My question was, and is, who in their right mind would insist on living in that part of town anyway? The most difficult places for the Negro to gain entry are the places that one is well advised to stay away from. An upper middle class suburb is not only a desirable place to crack, but it is also a hundred times easier than the South, or Cicero, or Milwaukee's south side.

I do not say that the day of militant civil rights agitation is past. But I do say that there is a leak in the dike that can never be repaired. There is a large minority of educated Americans, mostly in the North, and mostly college graduates, who are ready to accept certain Negroes as personal friends. Baldwin mentions this himself in telling of his reaction to the encounter with Elijah Muhammad. I am personally acquainted with about twenty colored attorneys. I have never been invited to their homes, nor they to mine. I would feel conspicuous to make the first move, feel like the crusader I am not. But if I were invited by them, I would accept, in most cases, and I would invite them back.

As Job Once Said

This is an area, it seems to me, that is being neglected very badly. We are trying to establish people-to-people relations with the Russians by cultural exchanges. I suggest that we try this technique in the race problem. And I submit that the initiative must come from the Negro. In the very phrasing of the proposition, I recognize its injustice. Negroes who follow my advice would be subjected to snubs, undoubtedly. Job's line comes to mind, "Whom the Lord loveth, the Lord chastiseth." But if they endure these rejections as the pioneers endured their mud-ceilinged one-room shacks, for the good of the next generation, their reward will be very great, not only in heaven, but in human friendships here and now.

What America needs, then, is some tough optimism. This is what I ask James Baldwin to believe. This is what I ask Dwight Macdonald to demand of his poor people. And the way

to recapture this faith for America, I solemnly believe, is to make it rotten for the poor. We must again, as in times past, attach a terrible stigma to being poor. We must make it very unpleasant, disgraceful, in fact, to be poor, to be dependent on welfare.

FDR was never more inspired than when he warned us that continuous relief saps the moral fiber of a nation. We have all been shocked by stories in the press of second and third generations, of 27 or 35 persons, all descendents of one woman, all illegitimate, and all having been supported all of the days of their life by ADC. These people have drunk deep of the narcotic spring of welfarism. They are an example of what can happen if we do not reverse the trend. We cannot afford, morally, economically, or psychically, to continue to encourage this kind of civil irresponsibility. We cannot, of course, let people starve. Western civilization, Christian culture, has always suffered fools gladly, has for centuries fed the village bum. We must continue to do so. But we must stop paying him to teach his children his irresponsible, drunken ways. We must go back to the Victorian concept that it is respectable to earn your own way in the world. One of the places to start is in our schools, by installing a strict performance basis for promotion from one grade to another. This will serve as an antidote to the influence of non-competitive parents. Another obvious step is to stop making welfare payments by check, through the mail. If you had four children, and could receive by mail a check for $298 tax free each month for doing nothing, would you be interested in working 40 hours a week in order to bring home a net pay check of $84.50? (This would mean that you would be working 40 hours a week for a monthly increase in income of $40.69.) The only possible way of making the average man think this pittance worthwhile is to make the welfare payment demeaning, degrading, disgraceful, so that even if the parents are willing to accept it, the children will rebel, and bend every effort to live a respectable life on their own initiative.

In short, let us make it rotten for the poor, whether they be white or colored—without any discrimination at all. Let us provide them with an incentive to stop being poor. They will, in a generation or two, conform to the minimum standards of education and self-discipline necessary for self-support. They will conform to our society. Then, if society is worth conforming to, we will have it made.

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The Third World War

Foreign Policy of the Kennedy Administration

JAMES BURNHAM

U.S. foreign policy is not conducted as the deliberate pursuit of a coherent national goal. It comprises, most of the time, a number of different, frequently conflicting goals pressed into a loose amalgam by such abstractions as "peace" and "democracy." It is therefore impossible to summarize the policy, as of a given moment, by a simple formula.

What we sometimes observe, however, if we widen our glance to cover the main episodes of several years running, is a pattern, tendency or drift that shows the direction in which policy is moving even if its exact composition is obscure to pilot as well as passengers. It is in this sense, and this only, that we may intelligibly speak of "the foreign policy of the Kennedy Administration."

I have remarked before on this page that during the period since the end of the Second World War, the U.S. policy amalgam has been composed of three primary elements: 1) *the Western strategy,* expressed in NATO and in the resolve to defend the territory, peoples, interests and values of Western civilization; 2) *the Yalta strategy,* expressed in the Yalta agreement itself (in turn an outgrowth of the wartime "anti-Hitler alliance"), in the recent test-ban treaty, and in the attempt, more generally, to reach a Soviet-American understanding; 3) *the Third World strategy,* expressed in "decolonization," foreign aid and "unswerving support of the UN" (the phrase is from President Johnson's first address to Congress, echoing his predecessor).

Under Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and now Johnson, all three of these elements have been present. The changes have been in proportions and priorities. In the face of the 1946 crises in eastern Europe, Greece and the Middle East, China and Korea, the Yalta strategy sank almost out of sight, and the Western strategy restricted to the defensive ("containment") became plainly dominant.

Suez and After

As the main East and West fronts stabilized during the early Eisenhower years, the relative weight of the Western strategy gradually dropped. The Third World strategy began pushing up, and the UN got into the act. Then came the great turning point of Suez-Hungary in October of 1956. This informed the world that thenceforth the U.S. 1) accepted the status quo in eastern Europe, 2) was not willing to "confront" the Soviet Union, and 3) was prepared to sacrifice the interests of the West European nations to the Third World and to Soviet-American rapprochement. The Yalta strategy moved in the ascendant.

U.S. foreign policy continues in the phase initiated by the Suez-Hungarian crisis. The development was gradual and interrupted during Eisenhower's second term. It proceeded at accelerating speed throughout the Kennedy years. The decline of the Western strategy under Kennedy was made manifest by the disintegration of the NATO alliance, the abrupt halt to expansion of the European into an Atlantic Common Market, and very strikingly by de Gaulle's "separatist" line. In the UN, the U.S. representatives — for the first time — found themselves voting with Third World and Communist delegates against the major Western allies.

But the revival of the Yalta strategy was the outstanding feature of U.S. foreign policy under Kennedy. The Yalta strategy is based on the idea that a working agreement between the Soviet Union and the United States—in effect, if fully realized, a Soviet-American condominium—is possible, and is the only method for preserving peace and building a prosperous world society.

The Yalta strategy therefore calls for the patient suffering of Soviet provocations, avoidance of Soviet-American confrontation, continuing moves toward "détente" and "easing of tensions," the constant search for "understanding" and "areas of agreement." Such has been the main line of the Kennedy program, and not only in direct relations between Washington and Moscow. The Laos troika settlement represented American agreement with—rather, submission to — a Soviet plan. In deference to Soviet threats and Third World sensibilities, support was denied the Bay of Pigs invaders. U.S. backing for the UN's anti-Tshombe operation was motivated explicitly by the aim of avoiding a confrontation in Central Africa. In Berlin, the provocations of the Wall as of the corridor were endured without retaliation. "The retreat from the frontiers" gathered momentum—as the missiles and planes left Turkey, Italy, England, Africa and Spain, and the troops began to pull out of Europe and Asia.

Licking the Hand

Meanwhile the search for areas of agreement—which invariably meant Washington's agreeing to what Moscow had proposed—drove ahead. The hot line between the White House and the Kremlin was put into operation. The test-ban treaty was negotiated in Moscow: "the greatest single monument to the memory of President John F. Kennedy," as the nuclear physicist and SANE enthusiast, David R. Inglis, declared in a public letter.

It is too early to be certain how the amalgam will fare under the new President, and what course the drift will take. His first declarations and acts suggest that the basic Kennedy proportions will hold, and the Kennedy direction will be maintained, perhaps with still higher velocity.

From the point of view of its American proponents, the Yalta strategy looks both realistic and attractive, since they see it as the road to agreement between the two decisive world powers. From the point of view of the Kremlin it also looks both realistic and attractive: they see it as the best method for burying us.

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The South Goes Back Up for Grabs

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Six months ago, the author wrote: The South is Goldwater country, color it red, white and blue. Today he feels all bets are off.

In the unwritten rules of the national conference of editorial writers, the first unwritten rule is as follows: "Thou shalt never say, 'it remains to be seen.'" Violation of the rule is punishable by ostracism from the Wednesday night bar at each annual convention.

In a full awareness of these awful penalties, I now venture to comment upon the South's most probable course in the elections of next year. Alas, brethren, it remains to be seen. It truly does. In the whole glittering galaxy of things that remain to be seen, the prospects of Mr. Johnson remain most obscure. By next July, we all will know better.

There was a time, three and a half years ago, when the question could have been answered without equivocation. This was the summer of 1960, and Senator Johnson was then seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States. It was two degrees below zero.

Said the *Augusta (Ga.) Herald:* "South Is Betrayed Again by Johnson for the Sake of his Own Ambitions." The *Shreveport Journal* termed him "a man despised by the people he has betrayed." To the *Nashville Banner,* he was a "political charlatan." The *Jacksonville Times-Union,* among others, called him a "Southern Benedict Arnold." In Jackson, Miss., Jim Ward of the *Daily News* began with "mongrel pup" and then cast moderation aside. "Traitor" cried Mr. Ward. "We hope he finds comfort in the cactus bed he has made for himself."

Several factors had prompted these genteel remonstrations. There had been a bill in the house, sponsored by Virginia's venerable Howard Worth Smith, intended to inform the Supreme Court that states' rights were not to be assumed to have been pre-empted by the Congress unless the Congress specifically said so. This was a bill the South put great store by. When the bill got to the Senate, Lyndon killed it dead. There were, secondly, the "compromise" civil rights bills of 1957 and 1960, for which Mr. Johnson claimed credit in his 1960 campaign material. An analysis of 77 key roll call votes between 1955 and 1959, prepared by Americans for Constitutional Action, disclosed that Mr. Johnson had taken the conservative side seven times only. This gave him an ACA rating of 10, one point

below Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts.

There was more than this. Southerners might have overlooked their brother Lyndon's votes in 1958 against the bill of rights for labor; they could have forgiven his votes for Hell's Canyon Dam, the Youth Conservation Corps, and for continued high levels of foreign aid. What rankled was a statement from Lyndon in the spring of 1960, when he was out on a delegate hunt. He objected to being called a "Southern" Democrat. He was no cotton-pickin' Southerner, he told the press; he was a Westerner, podner. Look at his chaps.

To a South that scarcely can abide the carpetbagger, the native scalawag is worse. This was the most unkindest cut of all. Southern newspapers, bee-stung, counter-attacked with yells of pure outrage. Mississippi's Congressman John Bell Williams, one of the South's most respected spokesmen, said he believed more Southerners would vote for Adam Clayton Powell than would vote for Lyndon Johnson. It might have been true—for the presence of Mr. Johnson on the Kennedy-Johnson ticket may have won that vital one per cent of the vote in Texas, but it cannot be credited for winning anything else.

Mr. President (as we Southerners are inclined to say, speaking parliamentary in a search for words), Mr. President, that was a long time ago. In the summer of 1960, Lyndon Johnson was a Senator from Texas, running for Vice President. In the fall of 1964, Lyndon Johnson will be the President of the United States, presumptively seeking re-election in his own right. Whatever his sins of a misguided youth, he will be running in Dixie as a Southern boy. It do make a difference.

Southerners are by nature a negative people. I state the plain truth. It may be as true of other regions. In these parts, given a yes-or-no proposition, a suspicious electorate will vote against it every time. For a hundred years, our custom seldom has been to support men or measures. Hell, sir, we vote against. We were not so much for Eisenhower; we were mainly against Stevenson. We were not wild about Nixon; we just could not abide Mr. Kennedy. The South hasn't been madly "for" a candidate since Mr. Roosevelt in 1936. Let others go forward, Mr. President, we advance to the rear! All right. So long as the prospect for 1964 was Kennedy-Goldwater, as I reported some

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weeks ago in these columns, the outlook here was at once familiar and encouraging: the South would not only be against Kennedy, it would be pro-Goldwater. Sad to say (and I find it genuinely sad in many ways), this outlook no longer has meaning. Southerners who knew Jack Kennedy liked him as a man: attractive, urbane, good-humored, intelligent, a good and decent person. But much as we liked him as a human being, deep in our negative hearts we simply loved him as a foe. He was the finest antagonist that ever was; he was better to be against than Harry Truman; better to be against than Adlai Stevenson; he was the finest foe to fight since Herbert Hoover back in 1932. Personally, we are saddened by his death; politically, we are wiped out. We had built up three years of being against him. And now this capital investment in animosity has disappeared. No doubt we could work up a fresh loathing against Lyndon, given time and hard work, but there is not much time before the '64 convention, and really good deckle-edged loathing, hand-tooled, morocco-bound, gold-stamped, can't be produced in a hurry.

The problem is that all these lovely animosities toward Mr. Kennedy (I speak not of the man, God rest him, but of the political symbol), simply cannot be transferred to Mr. Johnson. These were tailor-made excoriations, not meant for hand-me-down. What fueled the fires that kept our passions warm?

Well, sir, for one thing, Bobby. In any balance sheet of Democratic prospects in Dixie, the ineffable Robert led the liabilities. He was a real long-term debt. And it was not only Bobby. It was the whole blessed family, only Jacqueline excepted. The South has its yearnings for an aristocracy, but there are limits: "The offices of magistrate, legislator, or judge, ought not to be hereditary," wrote George Mason in June of 1776; and the monarchical squintings that so aroused Jefferson and Henry remain with us to this day. There was strong feeling not against John F. Kennedy, singular, but against all the Kennedys, plural.

None of this rubs off on Lyndon. If the Southern psyche could be laid upon a couch, a good psychoanalyst probably would dredge up hostilities that lay deeper yet. Mr. Kennedy not only had read some books, he also had written some books; it was a flaw in his character. Mr. Kennedy was known to frequent the company of professors, fiddle players, poetry men, and other theatrical types; he used words of three syllables; such men are dangerous. Mr. Kennedy was a Roman Catholic. He spoke Yankee talk. His daddy sold whisky. And there was that bill of his: the civil rights bill. And Oxford, Birmingham, and numerous midnight calls to Martin Luther King.

Plainly, not much of this can be altered to fit Mr. Johnson. No dynasty is in sight. The President and his Ladybird are not young, super-rich, handsome, and Yankee. They are middle-aged, well-to-do, a little bit ordinary, and they come from Texas. This President does not go around quoting Shakespeare and such; he is a teller of tall stories; he can get off some real knee-slappers. Mr. Johnson is not known to have read a whole book, all the way through, in the past 20 years. When he reads, he does not read the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, or even NATIONAL REVIEW: he is said to read the *Beagle Journal*. You would be amazed at the circulation of the *Beagle Journal* in the Southern States. Mr. Johnson cannot be ranked among the patrons of the arts; it is generally believed that his musical tastes tend to peak at "Home on the Range."

All this, added up, suggests that all bets are off. Running against John Kennedy, Barry Goldwater could have swept the South. He might have lost Georgia; he would have taken all the rest, including the crucial 24 votes of Texas. The outcome of a Johnson-Goldwater race is far more difficult to predict. Many thousands of Southern Democrats, uncomfortable with their schizophrenic life of recent years, probably would revert gladly to the party label of a "Southern Democrat" for President. The instinct to vote the Democratic ticket is powerfully deep in many parts of the South. And though Lyndon is heartily loathed in parts of Texas, I find it hard to imagine that Texas would repudiate her own son seeking the Presidency in 1964.

Next Six Months

So much depends on the next six months! If the President should exercise his formidable powers in the Congress to get an extreme civil rights bill passed, an angered South could rise again—and very quickly. If Mr. Johnson achieved the enactment of other Liberal measures, he might lose the South in winning the North. Senator Goldwater is genuinely admired in his own right; the South certainly has not deserted him in the emotional upheaval of an unbelievable weekend. A good deal might depend on Mr. Johnson's running mate: few Southerners would want to put Hubert Humphrey within an ailing heartbeat of the White House.

President Johnson, obviously, will be walking the most delicate tightrope in the next six or eight months. If he leans too much to the Liberal side, especially in the civil rights field, he could lose his uncertain claim on the South. In his address to Congress on the 27th he leaned so far in this direction he almost fell off the wire: he asked his former colleagues to "honor President Kennedy's memory by the earliest possible passage of the civil rights bill for which he fought." The effect of this astounding request is to put the opponents in a position where, if they seek to defeat the bill, they are showing disrespect for the dead. Southerners reacted at once with righteous indignation. They were not to be placated by having it pointed out that in the next breath, Mr. Johnson asked only for "a civil rights bill." They had

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Which Way With LBJ?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

From the record, says the author, we can expect Mr. Johnson to pursue JFK's Liberal course domestically, but to be tougher on the Communist question

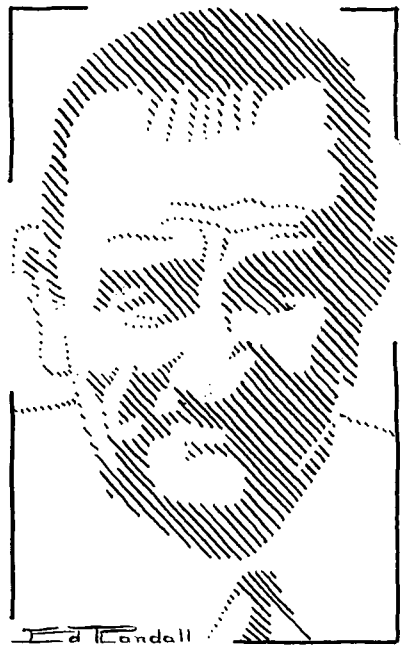
When Jack Kennedy squashed Hubert Humphrey's Presidential dreams in West Virginia, the 1960 hopes of Lyndon Baines Johnson, the U.S. Senate Democratic majority leader from Texas, were all but obliterated too.

But when the Summit collapsed in early May, and Johnson, alone among all the Presidential candidates in either party, responded with a declaration from his viscera that Khrushchev had better stop "being sanctimonious" in "making pious protestations of outraged innocence," every American who had ever heard about Davy Crockett at the Alamo knew that Lyndon was back in business again.

There were, as it turned out, plenty of conventionally compelling reasons why Senator Johnson couldn't bridge the gap between the 409 first ballot vote he had at the Los Angeles Democratic shindig and the 761 votes needed to win the nod from a Liberal-Labor party. First of all, he was a Southerner—and this despite the fact that he came from the thin upland country of Texas where the "color" problem is academic. Secondly, he was a veteran of the old House of Representatives majority that passed the original Taft-Hartley Act. Thirdly, though he had never shown any particular subservience to oil and gas interests, there was the propaganda that he would never go against his state in a vital economic issue. Fourthly, there was his record on civil rights, which left him on the floor between two stools, the more extreme Dixiecrats hating him as a "traitor" because he had nursed two civil rights bills through Congress and the ultras of the NAACP crowd in the North favoring other candidates because Lyndon Johnson as a civil righter was at best a compromise. Fifthly, there was Johnson's medical record—a jolting heart attack in 1955, which lurked in the background despite the reassurance of the plastic-encased cardiogram which he liked to whip from his pocket to prove his astounding good health.

Against all these drawbacks one compensating factor loomed like the Jungfrau: Lyndon Johnson stood forth as a man, not an extension of an IBM machine.

As a reporter writing at the time, I warned conservatives and liber-



tarians against looking upon Johnson's candidacy with fond hopes. The warning should stand in 1963 as Johnson, through the accident of another man's death, assumes the Presidency he could not win in 1960. Johnson retains his own principles which stem from the upbringing of a southern "pol" in a particular time and place. He is slightly more conservative than the other hopefuls, Humphrey, Symington, *et al.*, who contested the 1960 nomination of Kennedy, and only slightly less conservative than Richard Nixon, which meant, and still means, that a Johnson in the White House could hardly become a Fabian-in-reverse dedicated to the job of reducing federal aid to the one hundred-and-one pressure gangs or clipping the political money power of the big unions. But when Johnson stood up in Reno, Nevada, in 1960, to say, "I am not prepared to apologize to Mr. Khrushchev. Are you? I am not prepared to send regrets to Mr. Khrushchev. Are you?" the domestic aspects of his ADA rating (it's 58 per cent) dwindled somewhat. The point is that Johnson has the coloration of his native Texas, where patriotism, even if it means following a lone star, has always been reckoned a virtue.

98 Per Cent Public

Johnson is a "pol" and a public personage who likes to live 98 per cent of his life in public. He is the sort that never likes to go to bed if he has an audience. He takes an inordinate pride in knowing the mechanisms of his trade, and as Majority Leader in the Senate his talents naturally ran to producing agreements. His colleagues who considered it the business of the Senate to come up with viable compromises regarded Lyndon as a great virtuoso. As one of his admirers said, "He didn't make Proxmire or Paul Douglas on the one hand, or Harry Byrd on the other. He's just got 'em. And because he's got 'em, he has to ride herd on 'em." Another admirer said, "Lyndon is a genius. When he needs a vote he can get it out of a rathole."

Less commendable to some critics than his perpetual conning and finessing of the Senate was his habit of trying to rule the press. He sometimes summoned the editors of news weeklies to his office for lectures on their judgment and veracity. And if a reporter displeased him he was apt

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to bedevil him in public in a humiliating way. Johnson supporters argued that such behavior stemmed from an extraordinary sensitivity to criticism, not from any desire to gag newspapermen. But even though Johnson always stood up for the First Amendment his overly sensitive reaction to unfriendly statements has had an unfortunate effect on him personally. People, knowing that he has a thin skin, sometimes have refrained from telling him things he ought to know, and this could have world-shattering effects now that he has been called to the Presidency.

In his own world his antennae, his keen olfactory nerves, have always enabled him to do without an unflattering intelligence staff. He could smell trouble in the Senate long before it broke. His ability to play things by ear, to "fly by the seat of his pants," has always enabled him to get a long jump on the modern breed of politicos who depend on expensive professional pollsters to tell them what to say and do.

Authentically Texan

Whatever one may think about Johnson's lack of philosophical consistency, his vanity and his thin skin, the man has grown naturally from his beginnings. He is the sum of authentic Texas forces, not a synthetic product of the forecaster's art. The Texas he grew up in was part cattle frontier, part cotton kingdom, an old-fashioned internationalist state which was resentful of tariffs. When Texans had trouble raising money, they ran to Governor Hogg's type of Populism: damn the Eastern bankers, give us relief from Wall Street, etc., etc.

The young Lyndon Johnson, fresh from a perfunctory education at Southwest State Teachers College in San Marcos and a spell on the faculty as a public speech instructor at a Houston high school, learned his way around Washington in 1931 and after as secretary to Congressman Richard M. Kleberg of King Ranch fame. Roosevelt's "hundred days" impressed him as high and stirring drama; Roosevelt himself was a "daddy"; and when Johnson returned to Texas in 1935 it was as local head of the National Youth Administration. Those were the days when the New Deal was not only Roosevelt but Roosevelt-Garner—and it was Texas' own Sam Rayburn who bossed the House of Representatives. Naturally the young Lyndon Johnson went along with other Texans. When he went back to Washington in 1937, this time as a congressman in his own right, he blended easily with a group that wanted public power for the farmer, big dams, support for cotton prices, and good all-weather roads.

It will not do, however, to make too much of Lyndon Johnson's New Deal political origins. For, in common with other Texans, he has a well-defined sense of possession, and he would certainly fight for what he owns. His ranch, a rambling construction in the Pedernales River country hard by the Johnson City that was founded by his grandfather, conforms to Locke's classic definition of property; it is something that has been "mixed" with the labor of three generations of Johnsons. There are the vestigial remains of fortifications built to defend Samuel Ealy Johnson and his bride against the Indians; there are the additions made by Lyndon's father—and, finally, there is the kidney-shaped swimming pool with pool-side phone connections and arrangements for piped-in music, all of which are needed to keep Johnson in business as a healthy politico.

With his instinct for combinations Johnson has succeeded in riding all the forces without giving up too much to any one of them. Although he was a Taft-Hartley man, he helped immeasurably in steering Kennedy's mild labor bill through the Senate; indeed, the bill might just as well have been dubbed the Johnson bill. Thus Walter Reuther is not anti-Johnson. As for oil and gas, Johnson maintains a close friendship with George Brown of the Brown and Root engineering firm in Houston. But Johnson has "balanced" his oil and gas friendships with a pro-consumer position; he even took issue with President Eisenhower for dropping William Connole, a consumer spokesman, from the Federal Power Commission.

The result has been a standoff that gives each side a sense of protection. Johnson is for maintaining the oil depletion allowance—just as Hubert Humphrey, a Minnesotan, is certainly for maintaining the depletion allowance for iron ore. But it does not follow from this that Johnson would let the Texas rich go against what he thinks is their own deeper interest by grabbing for too much in a world full of *sansculotte* sentiment.

Since Johnson has been willing to listen to labor—meaning labor leaders—and since he has been a New-Fair-Dealer when it comes to passing out money, the old charge made by Joseph Rauh Jr., former head of Americans for Democratic Action, that "LBJ has smothered Liberalism," seems a trifle overheated. A good deal of the smoke in Texas has always come from the effort of partisans of the various groups to get Johnson to declare himself. But Johnson's instinct has always been for a position that will make him seem a champion not merely of the South, but of the South-and-West, with a good word now and then for northern labor. Johnson has too much of the old Texas New Dealer of the thirties still clinging to him to be considered any sort of conservative or libertarian. On the other hand, he is a man of property from a property-conscious state who would certainly never vote to expropriate himself or his friends. There he stands, a very small distance left of center. Conservatives who hope to rid America of the handout philosophy shouldn't expect too much of him.

Johnson on Foreign Policy

It is on foreign policy, which has never been a Johnson specialty, that the man has made his appeal to Americans who want to keep their heads up in the world. Johnson has never been a world traveler like Stevenson; he has never been an ambassador to India like Chester Bowles; he never tried to out-de Gaulle de Gaulle on Algeria as John F. Kennedy did; he never had a marathon audience with Khrushchev like Hubert Humphrey; he was never a spokesman for the claims of the Strategic Air Command like Stuart Symington. But whenever there has been a crisis Johnson has instinctively recognized that the only possible way of remaining free in the same world with Soviet Russia is to refuse accommodation to

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Communist purposes. In the days before the French abdication in Indochina Johnson lined up initially with Nixon on the desirability of fighting for Dien Bien Phu. Though he backed down on this when the British and French showed no stomach for united action in Southeast Asia, his own position remained clear: he believed then, as he still believes, that Communist dynamism feeds on its successes. In 1955 he supported the Dulles policy on Quemoy and Matsu. He has opposed the attempt of Communist China to bully her way into the United Nations; he has been for a greater reliance on private investment in bringing aid to underdeveloped regions; he is for channeling military aid through the Defense Department; he didn't like the Khrushchev visit to the U.S.

Anti-Johnsonians argue that there is no "bold new program," no "imagination" in Johnson's approach to foreign policy. But in a day when "boldness" and "imagination" usually turn out to be proposals to back down in the face of Communist demands, or to give to foreign nations through channels that help to saddle them with enduring socialistic controls, Johnson's independence of the current cant has been singularly refreshing. Though he has listened to such advisers as Dean Acheson (the latter-day version, not the Acheson of old) he is as much his "own man" on foreign policy as he is on other things.

Kennedy, by his ability to apply the muscle, took it away from Johnson in 1960. But the "South-will-decide-it" theory still pointed to something for LBJ. His friends tried to dissuade him from going on the ticket as Vice President, some of them going so far as to say that such a course would be a personal "disaster" for him — but he overruled them.

For some three years, as Johnson made his "six-nation" tours and visited space centers and bounced his voice off Telstar in an innocuous vein, the friends kept bemoaning what seemed to be the sad fact of "Lyndon's eclipse." He seemed the epitome of ceremonial desuetude when he visited the Governors' Conference at Miami Beach last July and spoke about such celestial matters as the moon project.

Underneath this sort of business, however, Johnson has been busy building himself up as a national, not a southern figure, cultivating the labor groups in New York, cosigning anti-bias pledges made by the AFL-CIO, and raising money for such independent northern Democrats as Senator Tom Dodd of Connecticut. Speaking of Johnson's progress in making northern friends, a supporter of the new President said: "Well, Lyndon's getting out of his old political ghetto."

Therein lies his great hope for 1964—and his great danger. He needs some of the South and West, and all of the Northeast, to balance the true "Republican country" of the Middle West. If he can keep business happy, and deal with Khrushchev without kowtowing to him, the theme of "peace and prosperity" could provide a stronger platform for him than it would have made for a Kennedy who had had three years' headstart on him in making enemies.

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come to the Joint Session in a mood of truce; they went back to their offices ready to resume the war. The President will have to make his peace with them, but if he should publicly attempt to pacify his rebel cousins, his sweet-talk conceivably could cost him key Negro support in the North.

He takes office in a friendly tide of emoton. And old ACA ratings not withstanding, there is a vague feeling that Lyndon's Liberalism stops well short of a total welfare state. Conservatives who hope to rid America of the handout philosophy, John Chamberlain has vigorously said, should not expect too much of him: "But conservatives have less to fear, domestically, from Johnson than from any of the other Democratic candidates."

This fair appraisal will draw some Southern support today. The nominally Democratic South teeters between going Republican and staying Democrat. A great many state and local political pressures will continue to make Republicanism hard and continued allegiance easy. My uncertain guess is that a South that was solid for Mr. Goldwater on the morning of November 22 is not solid for anybody now. We are up for grabs. And that is merely a feeble phrase for saying, Mr. President, the South's vote for President remains to be seen. It may remain there till fall.

Coexistence is a Warm Puppy

(Apologies to Charlie Brown)

VICTOR GOLD

Coexistence is eating watermelon with Marshal Tito and spitting out the seeds at Madame Nhu.

Coexistence is running through the sand barefoot and watching your air cover fly away.

Coexistence is jumping up and down and in and out of trucks on the Autobahn.

Coexistence is when your friend Nikita gets mad and picks up *your* ball and bat and goes home.

Coexistence is knocking the chip off a bully's shoulder and then picking it up and dusting it off for him.

Coexistence is paying Nehru to hold your coat while you do his fighting.

Coexistence is what makes you join in a friendly game of kick the Khan.

Coexistence is always looking right before crossing the street.

Coexistence is your teacher letting you out of class early so you can go hear Gus Hall.

Coexistence is honor bright on tests and remember, no Peking.

Coexistence is a warm puppy . . . and you're inside him.

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Principles and Heresies

And Still . . . Goldwater Can Win

FRANK S. MEYER

ONE WOULD think that after the brutal assassination of President Kennedy, responsible men would have recoiled in horror from capitalizing upon it for ideological ends. Yet, hardly had John F. Kennedy been officially pronounced dead than the Liberal Establishment broke forth in a nationwide television and radio orgy of lynch incitement against the American Right. And when, after a few uninhibited hours of hate-mongering, it became clear that if any ideology motivated the murderer, it was not right-wing but left-wing in inspiration, they were muted but an hour or so before they regrouped their forces and returned to the charge.

Meyer

There lay ready in the dark recesses of the Liberal psyche the justification that has been pounded over the air waves and in the press ever since. Syllogistically expanded, it reads:

Major premise: The assassin was an extremist (left-wing inspired).
Minor (enthymematic) premise: The only galvanic extremists are right-wing.
Conclusion: The Right is responsible for the assassination of Kennedy.

No conservative would maintain that because the assassin was an unbalanced man under the influence of left-wing ideology that the American Liberal Left is responsible for the assassination. Even if it should turn out in the course of investigation that this was not the deed simply of an unbalanced individual but the action of the apparatus of the Communist underworld — Soviet, Chinese or Castroite — no conservative would hold the Liberal Left responsible. But so far as I know, not a single Liberal voice was raised to protest against the *auto-da-fé* of the entire Right.

Even the charitable assumption that this outpouring of vituperation was an unmotivated emotional tropism proved untenable. For the second wave of the barrage, which followed fast on the first, revealed with ugly clarity the Liberal motivation (unconscious, semi-conscious, or conscious). Rising to a roar, the bombardment zeroed in on the true target —Goldwater: "Now is the time for 'moderation'" . . . "Goldwater is through" . . . "Goldwater should withdraw."

WHY? Why, because a left-wing fanatic has assassinated a Liberal President, is the issue between Liberalism and conservatism any less or any more acute? Is there any reason why Goldwater's principles of limited government, personal freedom, and firm resistance to Communism have a different significance than they had a few weeks ago, or why the American people should now be deprived of normal political debate and of the right to vote upon the issues, why they should be given again another of the meaningless choices of the past thirty years?

It is understandable—if somewhat disgusting—that the Liberal power machine trades on the image of its fallen leader to try to destroy Goldwater. It is also understandable—and to their credit as sentient human beings—that some conservatives have been shaken in their will to victory by the emotional barrage to which they have been subjected. But the artificial storm the Liberals have stirred up will pass away because it is a construction blatantly contradictory to reality; and while the American people can be bemused and manipulated for a time, their solid sense of reality will prevail before long. The only way the Liberals can achieve their aim would be if committed conservatives should falter before the onslaught.

I AM TOO altitudinous, too concerned with principle, neglectful of hard political realities? Let us consider those hard political realities. What have been the elements of Goldwater's strength for the nomination and the election, and what are they now?

1) He is the only candidate with a powerful independent following, for himself and his principles—a following more devoted than any since that of Franklin Roosevelt. Even if temporarily somewhat shocked and bewildered, that following remains firm in its belief in his principles and his leadership.

2) He is beyond doubt or question the personal choice of the great majority of Republican professionals, politicians, workers. Where, after all, are the defections from Goldwater?

3) His appeal to the American people as a whole is the singular appeal of a man as distinct from a field of Madison Avenue constructs and second-raters.

4) One thing alone has changed. Where Goldwater running against President Kennedy would have been certain of the electoral vote of the South, President Johnson can challenge him for it. But Johnson faces an insoluble dilemma. He cannot at one and the same time satisfy both the South and the Northern Liberal and Negro leaders. The issues go too deep. If he satisfies the South, the Liberal and Negro leaders could sit on their hands and so create the margin of difference enabling Goldwater to carry such previously doubtful states as Pennsylvania, Michigan, California, or even such a previously certain Democratic state as Massachusetts. If he satisfies the Liberal and Negro ideologues, then Goldwater will be as strong in the South as ever. Either eventuality can provide the electoral votes which, taken together with his solid strength in the Midwest and the West, would give him an electoral majority.

Against Johnson, as against Kennedy, Goldwater remains the best hope of the Republican Party for victory in 1964, as he is the champion of the American tradition against three decades of collectivist Liberalism and retreat before Communism.

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Hazard of History-by-Diary

LYLE C. WILSON

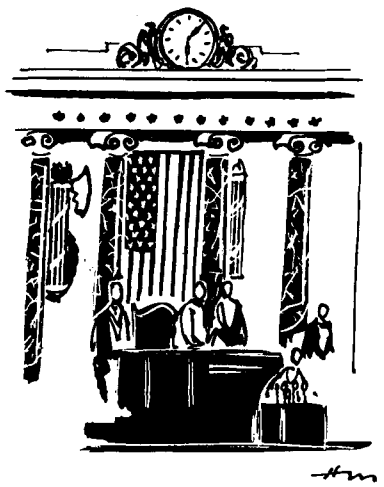
Allen Drury has followed two sunburst successes, *Advise and Consent* and *A Shade of Difference*, with a tediously pedestrian account of how it was with the U.S. Senate in the war years, 1943-45. The reader-through emerges with the uneasy conviction that he has learned about one House of the national legislature more of its day-by-day habits than he really cared to know. *A Senate Journal* is blighted by pious platitudes and mechanical trivia of the legislative processes. One early suspects that Drury is self-consciously writing for posterity or, so help me, even for the ages.

His *Journal* is his diary, surely uncut, set down during the indicated years as a member of the Senate staff of United Press. There are vast areas of disinterest in which the business of the day is a parliamentarian's picnic of amendments to the amendments to the amendments of the AMENDMENT to strike all after the ENACTING CLAUSE. There is neither suspense nor interest—there being, twenty years after, not much consequence in how or whether the soldiers do or do not vote in the 1944 election and/or whether their votes would further or brake Franklin D. Roosevelt's unholy project to seize a Fourth Term. The question of postwar reconversion long since became moot.

A Senate Journal 1943-45, by Allen Drury. McGraw-Hill, $7.95

The young Drury came to Washington in October 1943 on discharge from the Army by reason of a back injury. Almost immediately he got a job with the United Press and was assigned to the Senate staff. Drury was lucky. Thus he early was insulated against sniffing FDR's catnip charm, becoming a man of Congress with a profound suspicion of the Executive Departments downtown. Drury's heroes were on Capitol Hill. His choices of heroes were pretty good although he brashly under- and overestimated with the abandon of youth. Perhaps his suspicion of FDR and his aides accounts for his inability to identify in the late Henry L. Stimson anything more than a tired, ineffective old man. Drury's seniors will deplore such lack of perception as well as his delusion that Barkley and the late Sen. Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska were giants among men and his tendency to ridicule the late Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg.

The hazard of history-by-diary is emphasized because *A Senate Journal* will go to the reference shelves with the prestige of its author's excellent reputation. When FDR brutally vetoed a tax bill in language so bitter as to stiffen the late Senator Alben W. Barkley to become his own man for a brief moment and to resign the Democratic leadership of the U. S. Senate, Drury missed the point of that event altogether. He set it down as an ennobling act of courage and self-sacrifice on the part of Barkley, whereas the good Senator's courage scarcely survived the hour of its birth, leading the *Baltimore Sun's* acid Paul Ward to remark of Dear Alben's bold gesture: "He is committing hari-kari with a rubber sword."



While the Senate still was resenting FDR's veto message a Democratic Senator told Drury, "You talk to other Senators around here and you'll find them blaming Jimmy Byrnes" (for advising Roosevelt to veto the tax bill in angry terms). And Drury carefully noted and preserved this untutored remark.

JAMES F. BYRNES, by then, was Economic Stabilization Director, a sort of Assistant President. Byrnes had very great powers largely by reason of his personal prestige and knowledge of where and by whom all of the bodies were buried. Freshman Senate reporter Drury had no reason to challenge the idea that Byrnes had set FDR on to insult the U.S. Senate, a major goal. Byrnes was long gone from the Hill by the time Drury arrived. He didn't know the man. An experienced Hill reporter would have laughed and exclaimed "nuts" to the Democratic Senator who accused Byrnes and promptly forgotten the incident. Byrnes and the late Cordell Hull, with James A. Farley, were the men around Roosevelt who tried and sometimes succeeded in preventing open war between the President and Congress. Byrnes was a negotiator, an adept compromiser of opposing viewpoints; never a head-on aggressor spoiling for a fight.

Any Washington veteran would know that. So I wrote to Byrnes, gave him the quote of the unidentified Senator, and asked him if he had, in fact, counseled FDR to spit in Congress' eye. "Not me," replied the Hon. Jimmy. "The fact is, I was not interested in the tax bill vetoed by the President. I really knew nothing about it. President Roosevelt did not consult me." Byrnes did not for a

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moment doubt that one or more Democratic Senators had suggested to Drury and to others that he, Byrnes, had put FDR up to the angry tax veto. Faithful Senate Democrats would need a whipping boy for that veto, Byrnes suggested, and evidently had picked on him, being unable to accept the fact that FDR, himself, had sinned.

So, with the record corrected, let us look at the bright pages where Drury's talent for phrase and pat description sketches some well-known persons on less than a thumb nail. These make *A Senate Journal* worth reading:

"December 5, 1943—At noon to the Supreme Court for an hour or so to help our man there. Felix Frankfurter, pedantic, perky, pops a long involved question. Robert Jackson, gracious, reasonable, pops another. William O. Douglas contributes a bored and amused summation. Stanley Reed sharply asks if that is so. Frank Murphy stares in haloed disapproval."

Haloed disapproval. What a phrase! You need to have known Murphy to get the flavor of it.

"January 31, 1944—Sen. Hattie Caraway (D-Ark.), the quiet little grandmother with the red fingernails who wanders in [to the Senate Chamber], reads a newspaper or sits solemnly in the presiding chair, and then wanders out again."

"February 22, 1944—[day of the tax veto message] This is the last time the Roosevelt Administration will get anything but the most essential war measure out of the Congress of the United States. Those of us who are on the ground know the Congress and how these glib, arrogant, unkind and unwarranted attacks affect it."

"March 30, 1944—A couple of the powers of Washington came up to testify on the Office of Price Administration today. President Edward O'Neal of the Farm Bureau, a shaky, sly old man with an innocent expression and a Texas voice. Albert Goss, master of the Grange, a pink-cheeked, small, grandfatherly old gentleman with an air of gentle reproof for all who consider his motives questionable."

"April 12, 1944—Henry Wallace is a man foredoomed by fate. No matter what he does, it is always going to seem faintly ridiculous, and no matter how he acts, it is always going to seem faintly pathetic. A shock of silver-graying hair sweeps over the right side of his head in a great shaggy arc. He looks like a hayseed, talks like a prophet and acts like an embarrassed schoolboy."

"May 8, 1944—Congress just doesn't like to be [by FDR] hoodwinked, bypassed, patronized, lied to or affronted in the field of foreign policy."

"May 16, 1944—Sen. Robert F. Wagner (D-NY.) a man, once in the vanguard of an eager [New Deal] band, who now stands unhappily almost alone on his farther shore while the tide runs out and the waves recede and all the gallant company of other days falters and turns back."

"May 20, 1944—The V.P. [Wallace], a Chinese grammar in his suitcase and goodwill in his heart, has gone off to Asia."

"April 15, 1945—He died at exactly the right time. His luck held to the end. The war is coming to a successful conclusion, the bitter fruits of Yalta and the rest have yet to be harvested in full, the promise has been made without the necessity for redemption. Upon Harry Truman falls the burden of unemployment and the peace. Destiny timed it perfectly, and the legend has been made secure."

Indeed, how true! And but for the foreboding of unemployment, this brief reference to FDR is pure prescience.

Yanqui Corruption

NATHANIEL WEYL

IN THIS FASCINATING, explosive and profoundly shocking volume of political memoirs, General Arturo Espaillat, former chief of intelligence of the Dominican Republic, levels charges of murder and bribe-taking against high American officials. If these accusations are even half-true,

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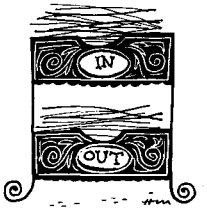
***Trujillo: The Last Caesar*, by General Arturo Espaillat. Regnery, $4.95**

---

they reveal unprecedented corruption and bare one of the worst political scandals in American history.

Specifically, Espaillat charges that, in his last five years in power, Trujillo showered at least $5,000,000 on thieving American politicians. A "prominent Southern Senator" was supplied with a mistress who was later sent to Washington for his use. A "powerful Atlantic seaboard Senator" was paid $225,000. In return, he was supposed to launch a Senate investigation of Communism in the Caribbean and, using Trujillo intelligence data, to prove in 1957 that Fidel Castro was a Communist. The Senator allegedly pocketed the cash, fluffed the investigation and proved too stupid or too greedy to use the data given him. According to Espaillat, Trujillo bought ordinary congressmen for $5,000 or less; paid three times as much for committee chairmen, a bit more for Senators and as much as $50,000 to $75,000 for chairmen of key Senate committees.

In this parade of allegedly dishonorable politicians who betrayed their trust, one man stands out in Espaillat's account as even more contemptible than the others. A "very prominent Congressman" on the Trujillo payroll and a recipient of the highest Trujillo decoration, he allegedly conducted his blackmail correspondence from a Boston office. Espaillat claims that, in late 1960 when the going got tough, this supposed "friend of the Old Man" threatened to have the Dominican sugar quota eliminated (meaning economical and political ruin for the island) unless he and his cronies were given a concession for half a million acres of Dominican land.



Can one believe Espaillat? By his own admission, he has bribed, double-crossed, killed, literally scared a rival intelligence chief to death, and disemboweled another victim so he would sink in sea water and attract sharks. He makes light of "violence and sudden death," alleging that these

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are part of "the law of the jungle" which prevails "in the northern democracies" as well as (though less openly) in Latin lands.

I ACCEPT Espaillat's shocking revelations in substance for four reasons: 1) I was given the gist of these charges of bribery and murder two years ago by an independent source. 2) The government has consistently rebuffed Espaillat's offer to testify publicly under penalty of perjury. 3) He claims that he has been hounded from one country of asylum to another by State Department pressure. The implication of the book is that this is being done so that scandal can be swept under a rug and dishonest and dishonorable Congressmen can be transformed by blackmail into obedient zombies of the Administration. 4) I am reliably informed that the State Department has photostatic copies of the bribery documents.

Espaillat gives a detailed account of the alleged planning of the Trujillo murder by CIA agents operating under higher orders from Washington. He states that this is based on confessions by the assassins which were carefully censored at the time to prevent American invasion.

Discussing the kidnaping of Professor Jesús Galíndez from New York several years ago, Espaillat states that Trujillo had nothing to do with the matter. He claims that Galíndez was the paymaster in a CIA operation to eliminate the Franco government in Spain, a supposedly friendly regime with which the Pentagon had just concluded a $2 billion air and naval base deal. Espaillat says that Galíndez made the mistake of serving as a double agent and that Morris Ernst, the civil liberties champion, was talked out of revealing these matters lest the lives of two hundred to four hundred CIA agents and conspirators be imperiled. These statements clothe with circumstantial detail matters which have been discussed *sub rosa* among well-informed people for some time.

If Espaillat's charge that the CIA sometimes functions as a sort of ideological Murder Incorporated is true, and if the United States consistently grants the right of asylum to foreign politicians with one hand and organizes their liquidation with the other, this raises serious questions. No doubt the premature demise of certain foreign chiefs of state would be in the American national interest (and might even help spread democracy among less enlightened peoples). But at what point in this process does the United States destroy its own fabric of democracy and cross the dividing line from government under due process of law to police state?

In Coming Issues

John Dos Passos on *The Cold War and the Income Tax* by Edmund Wilson
John Chamberlain on *Confessions of a Bohemian Tory* by Russell Kirk
Sir Shane Leslie on the Thackeray Centenary
Garry Wills on Murray Kempton's *America Comes of Middle Age* and Norman Mailer's *The Presidential Papers*

Science Fiction

Someone Else

THEODORE STURGEON

THE MAN CALLED UP to assign this review. "How'd you like to do Asimov's three Foundation novels and *I, Robot,* by—uh—"

"Sounds like a fine big all-Asimov package," said we.

There was a stunned silence, then "By the Lord Harry*," said The Man. "That *is* Asimov, too, isn't it?"

It is indeed—and his astonishment is understandable; for he who reads books without noticing bylines is, first of all, statistically likely to read more than one Asimov (for the man is inhumanly prolific) and second, to dissociate one work from another and think it was written by someone else. As a matter of fact, for some years we have answered the question "Who *is* Isaac Asimov?" with the stock response, "He is Someone Else." Reportorially, he is a Boston University professor and biochemist of some note, a columnist, an editor, author, lecturer and (to round a clause) *bon vivant.*

Isaac Asimov became a Grand Old Man in science fiction in the late thirties, when he was a very young writer and part of the explosion of talent which mushroomed cloudlike over the editorial desk of *Astounding Stories,* along with Heinlein, del Rey, de Camp, van Vogt and others. He wrote many different stories, and many kinds of stories, but gained the most ardent following for two series—one his Robot stories, the other the Foundation series, both now republished.

They have in common a basic framework on which the author rings changes—changes so surprising, so unpredictable and so engrossing that almost everyone who has read them has at one time or another turned it into a sort of parlor game-cum-hone for the intellect. With the framework clearly stated, Asimov challenges himself to operate within it and still surprise you. In the Robot stories, it's the Three Laws of Robotics:

1. *A robot may not injure a human*

Foundation
Foundation and Empire
Second Foundation
I, Robot
All by Isaac Asimov. Doubleday, each $3.50

---

* Or perhaps it was "Barry."

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being, nor, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.

2. *A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.*

3. *A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.*

The game comes in setting up situations in which these Laws come in conflict with one another. It's Asimov's game at the outset but is bound to become yours once you're exposed.

In the Foundation series (no short stories these, but three sizable novels) the framework is not so simply stated, except as the precept that Hari Seldon is right; the concoction of situations — big ones — where he couldn't be right; and the ultimate revelation that he has been right all along. One may well ask who Hari Seldon was, and one indeed does; he is known more by his work than his almost nonexistent personal history. His work, beginning in the not too distant future, is 'psychohistory,' a commanding projection of social evolution which makes Marxism a mere triviality in comparison. Psychohistory is not merely a political theory —it is a way to balance historical forces even if forces must be created or destroyed to achieve the balance. One must add that it's a dynamic equilibrium, always growing, with the ultimate aim of humanity's conquest of the Galaxy and beyond.

In the context of this journal (irrelevant query: would a less contentious publication have a protext?) it is particularly fascinating to see how Asimov's underlying power-structures pervade the cosmoses he creates with virtually no characteristics of socialism. It's something else:

> ". . . Perhaps . . . our entire technical civilization has created more unhappiness and misery than it has removed. Perhaps an agrarian or pastoral civilization, with less culture and less people would be better. . . . Or perhaps a complete urbanization, or a completely caste-ridden society, or complete anarchy, is the answer. We don't know. Only the Machines know, and they are going there and taking us with them."
>
> "But you are telling me . . . that Mankind *has* lost its own say in the future!"
>
> "It never had any, really. It was always at the mercy of economic and sociological forces it did not understand—at the whims of climate, and the fortunes of war. Now the Machines understand them; and no one can stop them, since the Machines have the greatest of weapons at their disposal, the absolute control of our economy."
>
> "How horrible!"
>
> "Perhaps how wonderful. . . ."

Unless, of course, he means us to take the Machines—the ultimate robots—as socialistic analogues, and we rather doubt that. And anyway—pin Dr. Asimov's wings to the wall and he'd only turn out to be Someone Else.

Books for Christmas

In Striped Paper and Red Ribbon

GUY DAVENPORT

Last Christmas we had a Thoreauvian book of great beauty to admire, Eliot Porter's *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World,* in which passages from *Walden* and the notebooks were illustrated with perfectly matching photographs. This year we can have, after fifty-seven years of inaccessibility, the great, walnut-rich notebooks themselves. Dover has managed, with no loss to legibility, to reprint all fourteen volumes of the *Journals* as two folio volumes, arranging four of the original pages to their one page. The effect is pleasant and handsome, but the importance lies in having available again this inexhaustibly interesting record of Thoreau's daily meditations, as delightful to the visual imagination as to the mind. The original Herbert Gleason photographs are included, and Walter Harding has contributed a new introduction ($20).

One of the runaway successes of the season has been the New York Graphic Society's *Tutankhamen,* by Christine Desroches Noblecourt ($15). The color photography is by F. L. Kennett, and there are seventy-five color plates. New York Graphic has also published Leonard Cottrell's *Realms of Gold, A Journey in Search of the Mycenaeans* ($5.95), one of the many excellent archeological studies among this year's gift books. And to put beside it on the shelf there is Margaret Scherer's *The Legends of Troy* (Phaidon, $7.50), which gathers together illustrations of the Trojan myths from antiquity to the present.

The Lore of Ships is one of those books one buys out of pure fascination. It is a technological feast of neat, highly detailed drawings and has been assembled by maritime experts from nine countries. Over fifteen hundred drawings in eighteen colors, including silver and gold. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $23.95). Buffs of craftsmanship will also be interested in Eco and Zorcoli's *The Picture History of Inventions* (Macmillan, $14.95).

The Orient is very much around in bookshops this year, with coffee-table books on Zen and flower-arranging and paper-folding. Among the finer offerings are Yushiro Yukio's *Art Treasures of Japan* (2 volumes, East-West Center Press, $100), 428 collotype plates, 106 color plates; *The Roots of Japanese Architecture* by Futagawa, Yukio, and Itoh (Harper, $25), and Theodore Robert Bowie's *Drawings of Hokusai* (Indiana, $12.50). Bollingen has reissued Mai Mai Tze's *The Tao of Painting* in a one-volume edition ($17.50), certainly one of the most beautiful of books on Chinese painting.

If you can afford it, one of the real treasures for the admirer of fine drawing is Horizon Press's *Buildings, Plans, and Designs* by Frank Lloyd Wright ($65). This is a facsimile of the work published in Germany at the turn of the century, which made Wright famous and authoritative in Europe when he had scarcely been heard of in America. One hundred Wright drawings bound in portfolio.

Books of paintings are too numerous to give an account of, but we might mention Giuseppe Fiocco's *Paintings by Mantegna,* thirty color plates (Abrams, $17.50), Praeger's *Graphic Arts in the*

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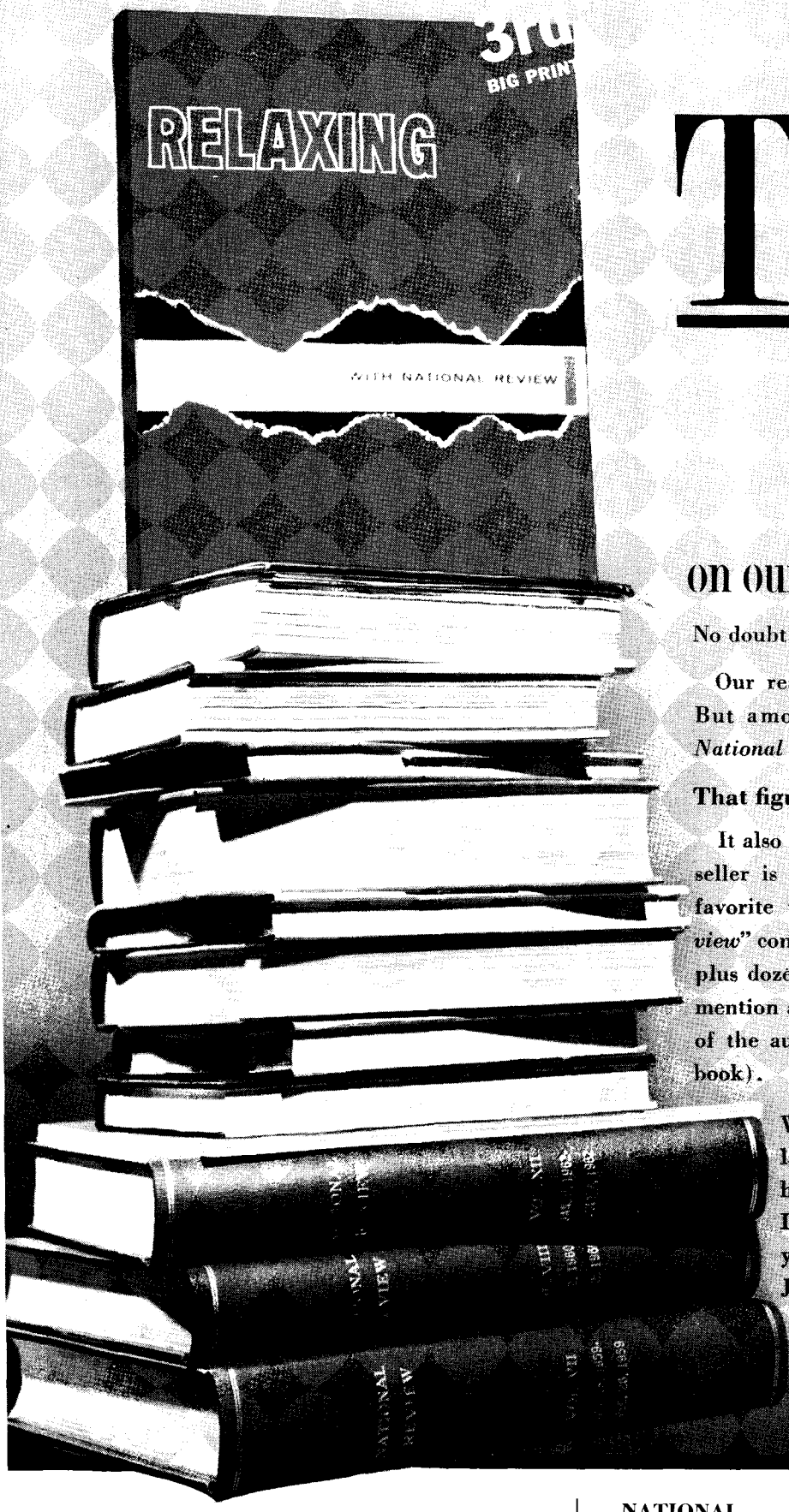

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by GENERAL ARTURO ESPAILLAT

Former Dominican Security Chief

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Random Notes

● Books: Brendan Behan's next book will be a collection of his newspaper pieces for the *Irish Press—Hold Your Hour and Have Another*. For January. (Little, Brown, $4.75). . . . And from the same publisher in March, F. D. Reeve's *Robert Frost in Russia* ($4.50). Professor Reeve, of Wesleyan, was the poet's interpreter on the trip and has preserved many foxy conversations, especially those with Yevtushenko and Khrushchev. . . . Scribner's announces a memoir by Hemingway of the Paris years when Papa belonged to both Ezra Pound's and Gertrude Stein's circles. It's called *A Movable Feast* and is due next April or May.

Dell, publisher of the Laurel paperbacks, plans a Dickens series, beginning with *Dombey and Son* late this year, and to continue into 1966. Edgar Johnson, the biographer, will edit the series. Most of Dickens' texts were trimmed for serial publication and the arbitrary slashing never restored; Dell's *Dombey* will be a reprint of the uncut 1864 edition. . . . Hugh Kenner's masterful study of Wyndham Lewis will soon be reissued in a paperback edition by New Directions.

● Movies: For two years Warner Bros. has owned rights to a film biography of Edith Piaf and is now searching for an actress to play The Sparrow. . . . James Mason will undertake the role of Gentleman Brown and Jack Hawkins that of Marlowe in the Richard Brooks production of *Lord Jim*, for which Peter O'Toole has long been chosen as the Tuan himself.

Hollywood has had a brainstorm and rears back to make a *Lady Chatterley's Lover* of its own, with, natch, Taylor and Burton, but hastens to explain that their version will be about True Love. Oh. And another brainstorm has come up with a movie about that suave old baggage *Fanny Hill*, John Cleland's kicking-around of the eighteenth-century sentimental novel, but as yet nobody can think how even to begin. . . . Michael Powell, who made *The Red Shoes*, the fifteen-year-old English classic flick about ballet, has just filmed in color Béla Bartók's only opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*.

Twentieth Century ($30) and Ionel Jianou's *Brancusi* (Tudor, $12.50). Also interesting is Jean-Dominique Lajoux's *The Rock Paintings of Tassili*, about the prehistoric murals of the central Sahara, recently discovered (World, $15). Among books about painters there are Douglas Allen's edition of Frederic Remington's reminiscences, together with drawings and paintings, *Frederic Remington's Own Outdoors* (Dial, $7.50), and Bertram Wolfe's rewritten biography of the great Mexican muralist who fancied himself a Communist but whom the Communists were horrified by, *The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera* (Stein & Day, $10). Dover has published *The Complete Woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer*, paperback but 8″ x 12″ ($2.50).

The Sierra Club has Philip Hyde's and François Leydet's *The Last Redwoods* ($15), eighty illustrations, sixteen in color. *Lincoln in Photographs*, by Charles Hamilton and Lloyd Ostendorf (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, $19.50) prints every known photograph of Lincoln plus many more of people and places of the period. Walter Klinefelter has collected sixty years of illustrations of Sherlock Holmes and written a book about the world-famous profile (Syracuse, $5.50). Aubrey Bodine's *The Face of Virginia* (Bodine and Associates, $15) is one of the handsomer books about places. Crown's *Pictorial History of the Animal Kingdom* ($10) is an engaging book. And as examples of the end-table book and standard gift item, there are Agnes de Mille's *Book of the Dance* ($12.95) and Larry Koller's *The Treasury of Angling* ($16.95), both Golden Press, and Richard Schaap's *The Olympics: An Illustrated History* (Knopf, $12.95). Enough; hie off to the bookshop, or drop hints.

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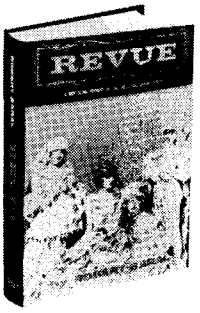

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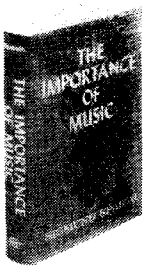

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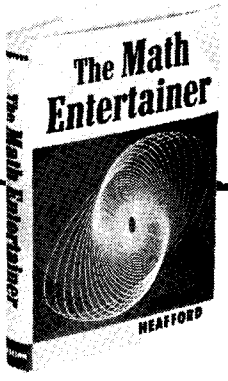

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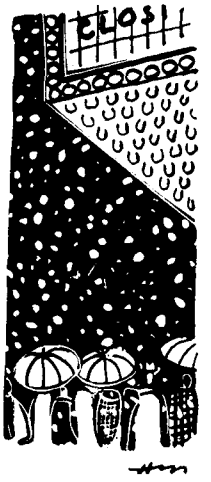
Movies

Ripley at the Front

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

FROM THE POLO LOUNGE to The Bistro, from the private projection rooms to the paneled, antiquated offices of MCA, the word has gone out in Hollywood: big, fearless pictures are in. The decision was prompted less by an abiding concern for the mangy state of mankind than by the stark economic reason that problem films have, however inexplicably, become boffo at the old B.O. In the Beverly Hills lexicon, however, big only means star-stuffed and three-hour-long, and fearless means pretentious. *I got me a homo story, baby, and Sophia's hooked in to play the wife, a real distraught babe, and Max Schell, he's her husband who may be you know (but he's not really), and Diahann Carroll (get it, get it!), she's the dame who snaps him out of it. And for the background music, howzis, we got Bobby Darin to sing "God Save the Queen."*



So far, the leading practitioners of this art form have been Stanley Kramer and Abby Mann, and the reviewer churlish enough to suggest that their endeavors might not be any good (and they have not been) always seems to find himself in favor of Nazism *(Judgment at Nuremberg, The Condemned of Altona)*, nuclear destruction *(On the Beach)*, congenital brain defects *(A Child Is Waiting)*, or racial prejudice *(The Defiant Ones)*. Now we have *The Victors*, written, produced, and directed by Carl Foreman, a film which is the "biggest" and "most fearless" of them all.

A portent of things to come was the picture's glossy, blood-red program, which was roughly the dimension of a menu in an expensive French restaurant. Inside, in type of a size usually used only to herald the end of a world war, was the inscription: "A Statement by Carl Foreman." Fore-

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man's theme was that any war, big or little, just or unjust, always degrades the victors equally with the vanquished and carries within it the seeds of another war. It is a noble theme, which has engaged and disturbed the minds of men since the dawn of creation, but in Foreman's hands it becomes just another platitude.

Foreman attempts to make his point through the conventional medium of a squad of American soldiers, who fight together through Europe from London's blitz to post-V-E Day Berlin. The film is episodic, interspersed *à la* John Dos Passos with newsreel clips of life on the war and home fronts, showing among other things a preening General George S. Patton, Shirley Temple's wedding to Sgt. John Agar, lady wrestlers, and chorus girls going through a military obstacle course. Each dramatic incident is complete in itself: a French waif turns homosexual for handouts; two Negro soldiers are meaninglessly beaten up in a bar without a murmur of dissent from bystanders; a pimping American GI turns a Belgian girl into a whore; a scarred French officer dispassionately guns down a German pillbox crew after they run out into the open waving flags; a soldier shoots a replacement's dog for sport; and in *The Victors'* best scene (as well as one of the most powerful I have ever seen), an American deserter is executed at Christmastime, while on the soundtrack Frank Sinatra blares "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas."

ALL THIS adds up to nothing more than a wartime *Mondo Cane*. The fault is entirely Foreman's. As producer, he has assembled a large and inept cast headed by Vincent Edwards, George Peppard, and George Hamilton, a Hollywood playboy who wears his uniform as if it were a dirty tuxedo; only Jeanne Moreau, as a dazed French widow who wants to go to bed with a man so that she can feel safe again, excels.

As screenwriter, Foreman has been loath to cut the banal, the predictable, or the merely pointless, thus dragging the film out to an interminable three hours. But it is as *The Victors'* director that Foreman has primarily failed. His direction is without pace or subtlety (he has not one GI looting scene, but two) and his symbolism is embarassingly hamhanded (in the picture's final episode, an American and a Russian soldier stab each other

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to death in a fight in postwar Berlin). And though Foreman's stated purpose is to show how war demoralizes, regardless of side, his soldiers remain remarkably unaffected from first reel to last by what they have witnessed or participated in. By skipping from episode to episode, Foreman has avoided the necessity of character development. The result is an anthology of war's ugliness which has the same cumulative effect as reading a book by Robert Ripley.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GERMAN PHOENIX, by William Chamberlin (Duell, $5.05). This is a book about West Germany that doesn't bristle with accusations of Nazis in positions of influence or shudder about "German militarism." Mr. Chamberlin shrewdly ascribes the current "Hate Germany" campaign to two motives: Liberal zeal to root out every ex-Nazi (a more soul-satisfying leftist delight than exposing practicing Communists), and socialist fury that free-enterprising Germany should have come soaring up from the ashes while socialized England labored behind. Not that Mr. Chamberlin completely dismisses the idea of Nazi influence in Germany: "Unfortunately there is one part of Germany where Nazi spirit and methods still survive," he writes. "This is the 'German Democratic Republic.' The brutal Vopos (People's Police), who have stained the Berlin Wall deep with blood, carry on the traditions of Hitler's SA and SS." The author's enthusiasm for the exciting German comeback, however, leads him to unfair criticism of American policy towards Germany—stressing acts of vengefulness during the early Truman years, and underrating the contribution of United States aid to the economic resurgence. He does not seem to consider remarkable the American willingness to spend billions on resurrecting the vanquished, so soon after the most hideous war in history. The book is an informative and engrossing look at the new Germany—a reassuring analysis of the economic and political stability of the nation that has become our most reliable Continental ally. D.G.M. COXE

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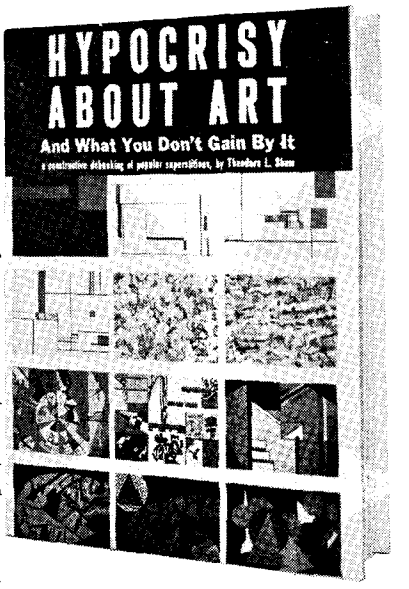

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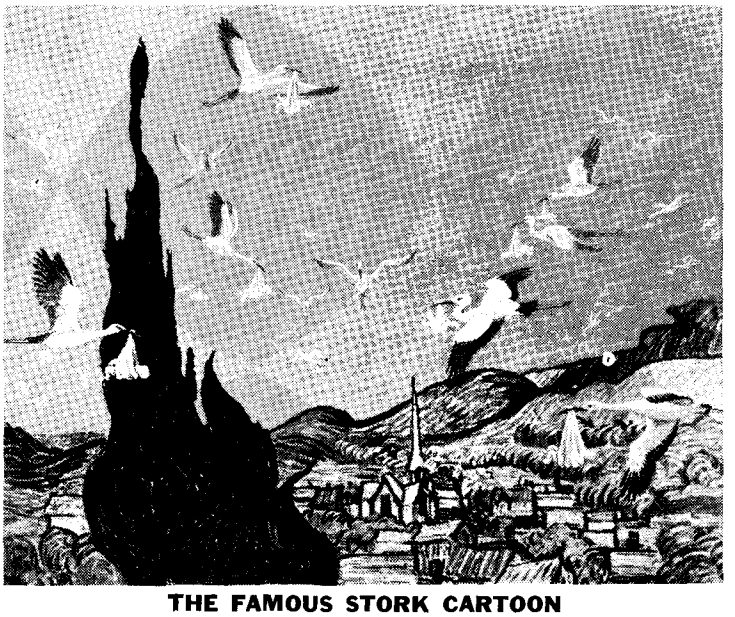

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The four hundred and forty-two pages compounded largely of sentences like the above which writer Wolfe devotes to the wits, wags, women and weirdies of Hollywood brought forth, in this reader at any rate, only the incubi of mopus.

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To the Editor

Wallace at Harvard

Last evening Gov. George Wallace of Alabama spoke at Harvard concerning his views on segregation and states' rights. Upon his arrival at Sanders Hall he was met by a student demonstration of approximately 150 participants who spat at him, cursed him with hysterical fervor, and attempted to assault him. After his speech he was prevented from returning to his automobile by a howling group of 300. His car's tires were slashed by members of the "non-violent" group and his auto was damaged.

I think this deserves comparison with other recent events, particularly Adlai Stevenson's reception in Dallas and Earl Warren's in New York. We are all familiar with the way our "news" media waxed indignant over the disgrace of the Stevenson-Warren incidents. I am writing this letter twelve hours after Gov. Wallace's speech, so I have not seen any comment in the news. But I am willing to bet my vote for Goldwater that there will be very little said about the Harvard demonstrators.

Revere Beach, Mass. MICHAEL J. CRONIN

Cocteau's "Leone"

I was delighted to see Hugh Kenner's admirable tribute to Jean Cocteau in your issue of November 19. There has been nothing to compare with it published over here.

As the editor of *Agenda* I felt particularly fortunate to have been able to publish Alan Neame's great translation of *Léone* to which Professor Kenner refers. In view of this NATIONAL REVIEW readers may like to know that copies of the issue devoted to this poem, with a cover specially drawn by Cocteau, can still be ordered from me (price $1, including postage) at the following address:

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London WILLIAM COOKSON

Us?

Oh, you brutes, you beastly and insensitive fascists! Your editorial "Re Mitford" [Nov. 5] is so very demonstrative of how unenlightened the raucous and radical Right is to the true fruition of Liberalism. After all, because one vigorously protests against sundry "social injustices," this doesn't mean it will be reflected in one's writings. I've read the book, smarty, and what's more, I know the syllogism too. So what if she'd rather be "red than dead"?

Oh, you brutes, you beastly. . .

Murfreesboro, Tenn. DAVID P. BISSELL

Good Try

I was most interested to read the editorial, "Last Time We Saw You You Were Just a Little Baby!" in the October 8th issue.

Please be advised that, to the best of my knowledge, Pennsylvania was the first of the fifty states to attempt a limitation on the now apparently unrestricted maneuvering of USES.

During the 1963 Session of the General Assembly, I sponsored a bill which would serve to restrict the Pennsylvania Employment Service to accepting applications from those who were not fully employed at the time of tendering said application. As you undoubtedly realize, each state in the Union is empowered under federal law to operate its own public employment agency. The essence of my bill, of course, was that of returning to the congressional intent of the 1933 federal legislation.

I regret to relate that the proposal has not as yet become law in our Commonwealth. Although we squeezed it by the Senate on a straight party-line vote, the proposal was killed in committee in the House of Representatives after some of the federal boys flexed their muscles in a somewhat threatening manner.

Pittsburgh, Pa. JACK E. MCGREGOR
Senate of Pennsylvania

The Poll

The student poll reported in NATIONAL REVIEW [Oct. 8] interested me particularly because of the assertion that Protestant youth are "apostasizing" in large numbers. A much more realistic way of interpreting the results of the poll, especially on matters of religious faith, is that Protestants and Jews of college age feel little or no restraint in hammering out their own beliefs, while Roman Catholics tend to accept what they have been told. Need I say which approach seems to me to be the wiser?

New York, N.Y. REV. RALPH LORD ROY

No. —ED.

The so-called "apostasy" of Davidson College students consists, as is very clear, in their being influenced by major Protestant theology, which is often not conservative. Answers to Question 11 show that Davidson students are quite average for non-

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Catholics both in following fully and in following in part the teaching they have received in childhood. Answers to Questions 46a, 46c, and 72 reveal that they take their liberalized religion fairly seriously.

Atlanta, Ga. MARTIN J. BUSS

Clarification

NATIONAL REVIEW'S guiding principle seems to be that the ideal government is a limited government: regulation of private decisions should be minimal. A corollary would seem to be that the more private the decision, the greater is the justification required for any governmental control. Is there any more private, purely personal decision than the choice of whom one is to marry? Is there any area in which government regulation is less defensible? Is there a reason why a magazine dedicated to the principle of free, responsible choice on the part of the individuals has not (to our knowledge) objected to the regulation of this fundamental right by those states which have laws prohibiting interracial marriages?

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

EUGENE MCGOVERN

NR opposes laws setting any conditions on marriage between unmarried couples, other than age.

That Upstart Bastiat

While making the rounds for our Republican Small Donors Drive, I encountered a political science professor who, although not a Republican, magnanimously told me how we could win in '64. I thought you might appreciate his views, including his

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Dec. 3, 1963)

Abraham Lincoln:
GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

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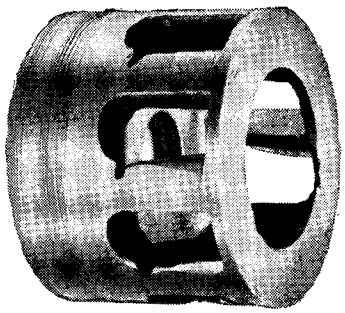

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John Ramsay McCulloch
Taxation and the Funding System, (1845)
Quoted by Walter J. Blum and Harry Kalven, Jr.
In The Uneasy Case For Progressive Taxation
(Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1953), pp 45-46

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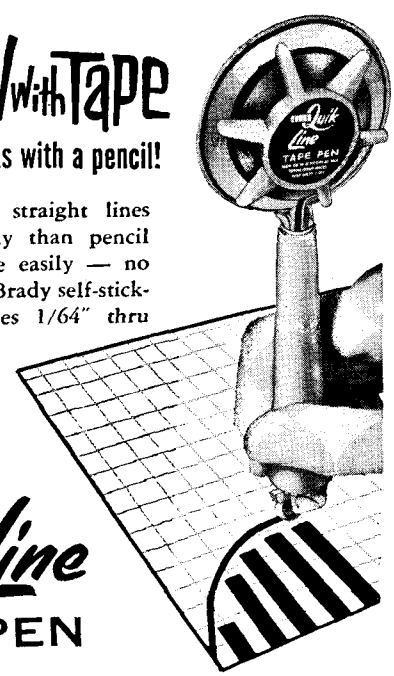

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estimate of a rather startling dark horse.

Rockefeller, according to the prof, is our only hope. Goldwater lacks knowledge and principles, but Rockefeller, on the other hand, knows his political science. He went on to praise Rockefeller's book and federalism in general. The only way we can beat Russia is to hurry up and get federalized.

Precinct workers aren't supposed to start fights, but I did venture a mild objection which went unnoticed. Then, more insistently, I asked what he thought of Frederic Bastiat.

The professor paused, then nodded in sage approbation and allowed that Bastiat would be a fine candidate, but he isn't well enough known to win.

Lynwood, Calif. MARGARET D. HUDSON

Looks Good From 2063

"MOONSTRUCKERY" ["The Wheat Mess," Oct. 22]? This word sent me leaping across my office with palpitating heart to grasp my Longer Oxford Dictionary of words used throughout the ages. Being glad to have the matter cleared up, I returned to the history book that I had been reading (published 2063 A.D.), and found the following statement: "The period 1960-1964, although nonproductive in most aspects for the reasons we pointed out, was productive of many new words, now obsolete, having had application only to the curious phenomena of the times."

Toronto, Ont. BILL SHEARSON

077 Fan

Russell Kirk's column is my favorite source of recommended reading. The books he has applauded have never failed to please me. Therefore Dr. Kirk's barrage against Ian Fleming's James Bond stories [Oct. 8] disappointed me.

As a frequent but reluctant passenger aboard jet aircraft on business trips I have found a great need for diversion en route, especially during landings, those excruciating moments when the great machines yaw, lurch and bounce onto the ground at 200 miles per hour. There is no more satisfying diversion during those moments than reading of James Bond's frantic struggle to dislodge his pistol from his chamois-lined armpit.

In any case, I accuse Dr. Kirk of trying to swat flies with a hammer, most unseemly conduct for a scholar.

Glen Head, N.Y. ALAN P. MOONEY

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

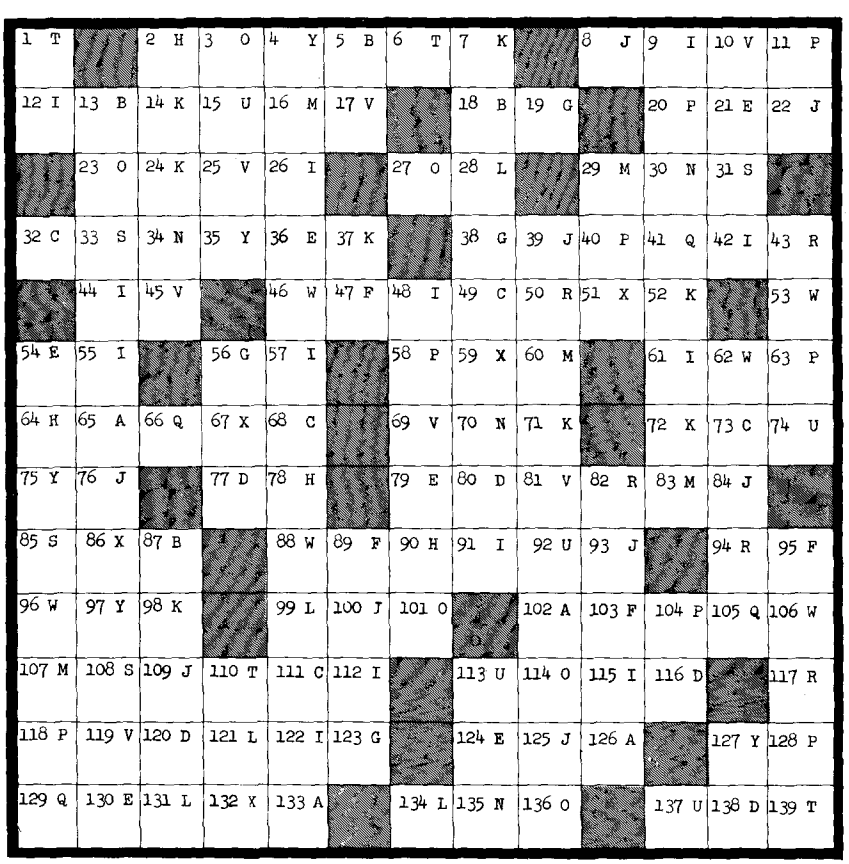
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dwell.	65 102 126 133
B. Redact.	87 5 13 18
C. Swaying movement.	111 32 49 68 73
D. Flexible.	138 77 80 116 120
E. An Old World capital.	124 130 21 36 54 79
F. American educator.	47 89 95 103
G. Former Washington Senator.	123 19 38 56
H. Golf shot.	2 64 78 90
I. "Pass the buck" slogan (4 wds.).	9 112 115 12 42 44 61 26 48
	55 57 91 122
J. Native of a Baltic country.	22 84 39 76 100 125 109 8 93
K. English colonial administrator in U.S.	37 7 24 14 72 52 71 98
L. A claw.	99 121 131 134 28

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Decree.	60 83 107 16 29
N. One of the United States.	135 30 34 70
O. Flowery.	23 3 27 136 114 101
P. Suitability for a purpose.	40 63 20 118 58 128 104 11
Q. To careen.	66 105 129 41
R. One of the Popes.	117 50 82 94 43
S. A grandson of Adam.	31 33 85 108
T. Fluent.	6 139 1 110
U. A Midwesterner.	74 92 113 137 15
V. Sociable.	81 45 69 25 119 10 17
W. One of the United States.	88 62 106 53 96 46
X. A sure thing.	132 67 86 51 59
Y. To expel.	97 127 4 75 35

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess thirty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Trans-o-Gram will be found on page 543 of this issue.



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For The Record

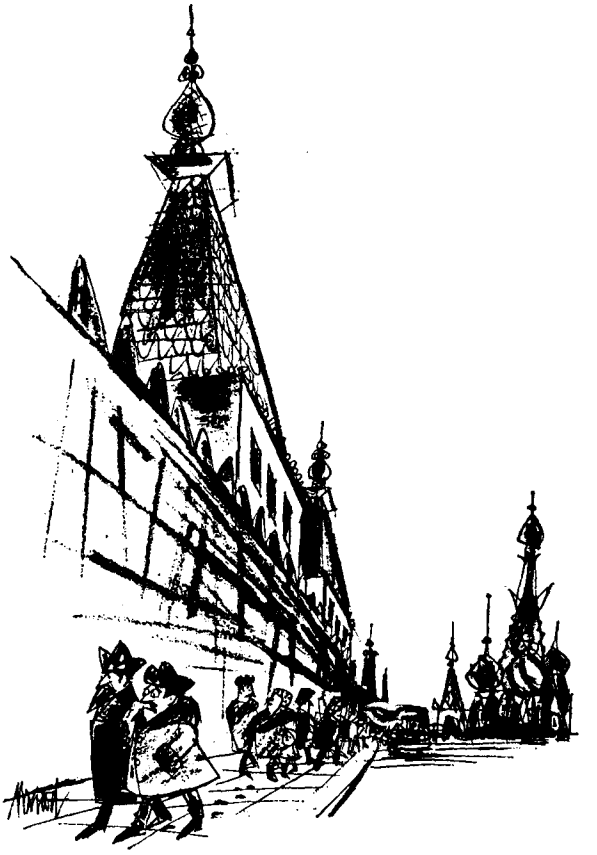
Under discussion: a change in date and place of next year's Democratic Convention, now scheduled for Atlantic City, August 24. Democratic leaders feel they may need longer campaign period. . . . Washington sources believe Carl T. Rowan, now ambassador to Finland, will be first Negro to get high post in Johnson Administration. . . . Paris poll (Nov. 27) reveals 33 per cent of Frenchmen believe President Kennedy's murderer was a "racist," only 10 per cent that he was connected with a pro-Castro organization. . . . Within three days of the assassination, influential Arab papers in Beirut and Cairo were blaming it on the Jews ("Zionism is behind Kennedy's Assassination" was headline in the Beirut Mass).

Not reported in American press: that in first few hours after South Vietnam coup, disciplined groups of students and young people systematically looted and burned headquarters of most anti-Communist organizations located in Saigon. . . . In exclusive Le Monde interview, Gen. Duong Van Minh, junta strongman, said there was no chance South Vietnam would go neutral. "We're not strong enough to be neutral," he said.

Orders for controversial government document #7277, which details proposals for eventual U.S. disarmament in favor of UN-controlled "international peace force," now being returned marked "E"—permanently out of stock. . . . Sen. Thomas Kuchel (Lib-R., Calif.) self-appointed censor of far Right, claims the Right's latest hate is the ZIP code ("part of the United Nations plot to number people for the final takeover").

Kept very quiet: that Herbert L. Matthews (who played Pygmalion to Castro's Galatea) visited Cuba early in November . . . . Cheddi Jagan has called on his youth organization to "fight imperialism the way Castro did"—i.e. to take to the streets in effort to force Britain to forgo new elections prior to independence. . . . Brazil's chauvinism so intense government has passed a law requiring that 30 per cent of all comic strips in Brazilian papers be Brazilian-made.

Crisis in the making: Egypt could well rattle a couple of MiGs six months from now, when Israel actually starts pumping water from the river Jordan to irrigate the Negev desert. . . . Swiss Government has authorized Oerlikon Co. (Zurich) to export arms to South Africa.



Punch—Ben Roth Agency

"You simply can't trust the Americans—nothing but talk about the space race, scientific development, industrial progress, and all the time they were growing wheat like crazy."

Oslo police chief Lars L'abee Lund has suggested novel and inexpensive way of dispersing prostitutes who congregate in the Oslo Town Hall area. Why not, he says, install street lights that will give women's faces a ghastly color.

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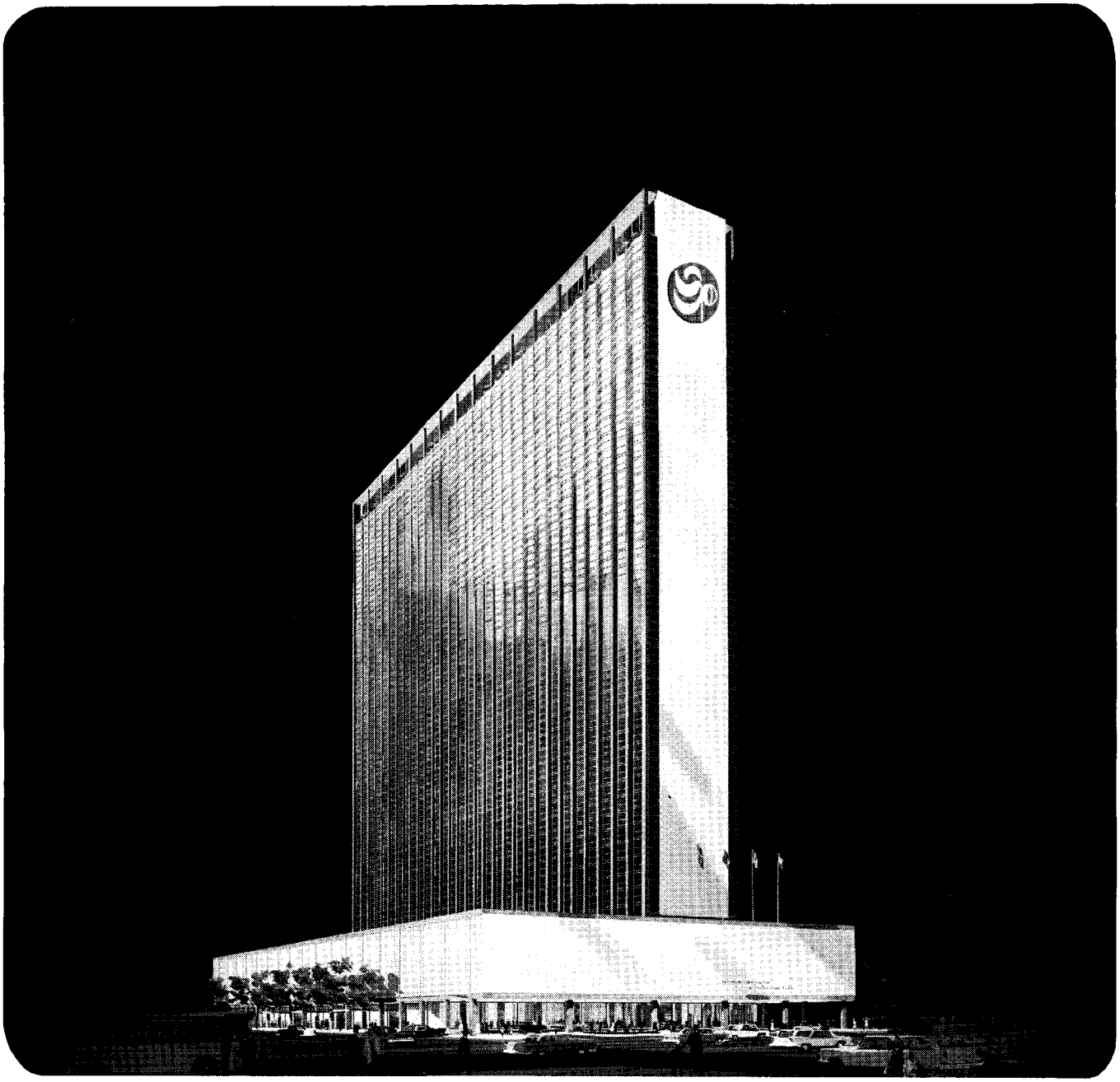

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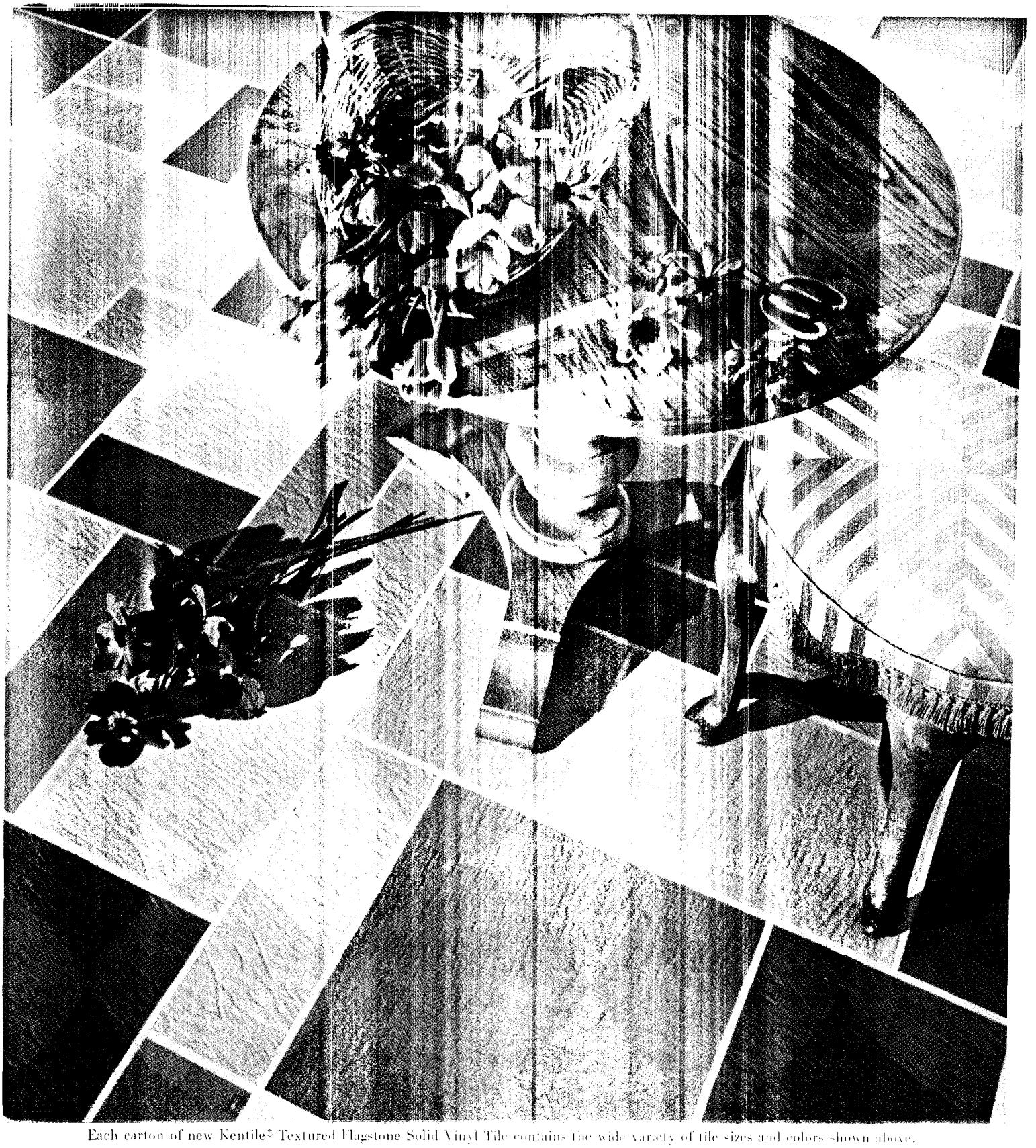

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